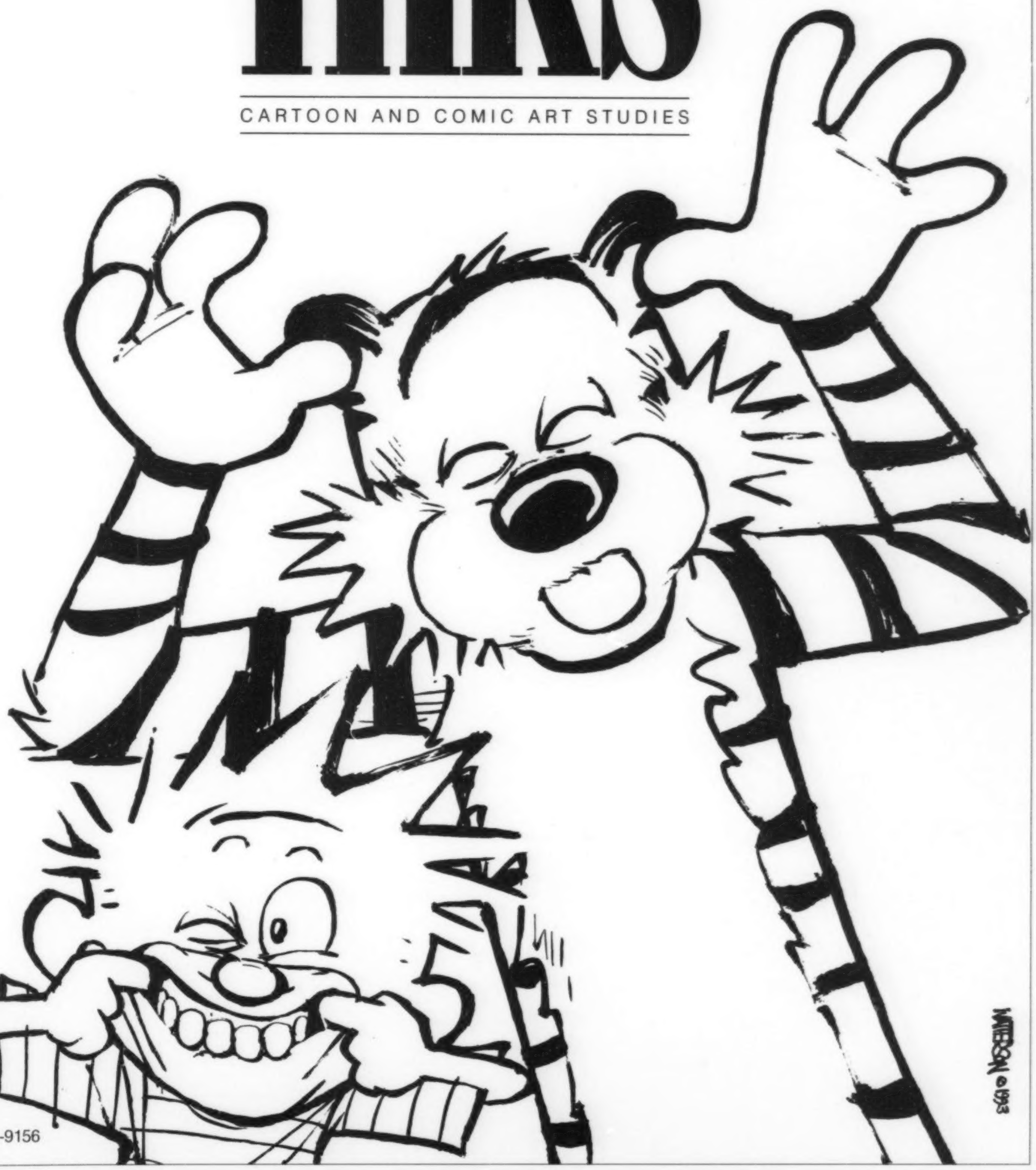
FEBRUARY 1994 • VOLUME 1 • NO. 1

inks

CARTOON AND COMIC ART STUDIES



ISSN: 1071-9156

EDITOR
Lucy Shelton Caswell
Ohio State University
27 West 17th Avenue Mall
Columbus, OH 43210-1393

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Shelley Armitage,
Magazine Cartoons
Robert C. Harvey, *Comic Strips*
M. Thomas Inge, *Comic Books*
Richard Samuel West,
Political Cartoons

EDITORIAL BOARD
Bruce Barber
Kenneth Barker
Will Eisner
Roger C. Fischer
Draper Hill
David Kunzle
Judith O'Sullivan
David Richter
Jerry Robinson
Randall Scott
Art Spiegelman
Frank Stack
Bruce Wheltle
Joseph Witek
cat yronwode

DESIGN
Design Communications

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
The publication of *INKS* is made possible in part through the generous support of Jean and Charles Schulz.

Advertising and Publishing Office. The Ohio State University Press, 1070 Carmack Road, Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002. Telephone (614) 292-6930. *INKS* (ISSN 1071-9156) is published tri-annually in February, May, and September by the Ohio State University Press. Margaret Starbuck, Managing Editor; Melodie McGrothers, Subscriptions Manager. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *INKS*, Ohio State University Press, 1070 Carmack Road, Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002.

Subscriptions. Patrons, $100 per year; libraries and other institutions, $35 per year; individuals, $20. Outside U.S. add $4. Single copy, $8. Checks should be made payable to the Ohio State University Press, 1070 Carmack Road, Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002. Claims for missing issues must be made within four months of publication date. Allow six weeks for address change.

Copyright 1994 by the Ohio State University Press. All rights reserved. Article copying exclusively for personal or internal use, or for the personal use of specific clients, is permitted provided that the copy user or producer pay a fee of $2.00 per copy of any article or section of the journal to the Copyright Clearance Center, 27 Congress Street, Salem, Massachusetts 01970. This limited permission does not extend to other kinds of copying, such as copying for general distribution, for resale, for creating new collective works, or for advertising and promotional purposes. Specific written permission for such copying must be obtained from the Ohio State University Press. Fee code: 1071-9156/94 $2.00 + 0.∞

Welcome to the inaugural issue of *INKS*, the culmination of the hopes of many years plus more than two years of work. The initial impetus for the present form of the journal must be credited to Richard Samuel West, and we hope that *INKS* will fill, at least to some extent, the void left when his publication *Target: The Political Cartoon Quarterly* ceased.

Recently, journalism historians, political scientists, art historians, sociologists and others have begun to examine cartoons and comic art, seeking to understand their development, the role they have played in society, the values and opinions they represent, and the techniques and artistry they embody. The late 1980s saw the publication of several book-length works on cartooning by researchers such as David Kunzle (*History of the Comic Strip*/University of California Press), Rebecca Zurier (*Art for the Masses*/Temple University Press), Judith O'Sullivan (*Great American Comic Strips*/Little, Brown) and Richard Samuel West (*Satire on Stone*/University of Illinois Press). There is, however, no focused venue for shorter pieces. Aside from an occasional article on cartoon art published in an assortment of scholarly journals, researchers have no recognized outlet. A publication offering only such articles plus regular reviews of cartoon exhibitions and books, cartoon-related bibliographic information and scholarly commentary on current developments has been lacking. *INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies* seeks to provide such an outlet.

The choice of a title for the journal involved much discussion and debate. Cartoon art is a multi-faceted field and no single English term is inclusive of the entire genre. Some scholars use the term "comics" as inclusive, but those whose focus is political cartooning or caricature believe that these genres are not part of comics. The use of foreign descriptive terms was also considered, but *bande dessinée* (the French equivalent of comics), *fumetti* (Italian), and *manga* (Japanese) all refer to sequential graphic narrative, not to graphic commentary. For these reasons, the title proposed was a compromise attempt to describe the scope and contents of the publication.

The purpose of *INKS* is to advance knowledge about cartooning through the publication of scholarly works dealing with all genres of print cartooning. The journal will not impose time or geographic limitations on submissions, but most will probably concentrate on American and Western European work of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Because there is a longer tradition abroad of considering cartoons both as a literary form and as works of art on paper, the editors hope to combine the best of the established European tradition with that of more contemporary American perspectives. Submis-

FEBRUARY 1994 • VOLUME 1 • NO. 1

inks

CARTOON AND COMIC ART STUDIES

ARTICLES

2
GUILT AND THE UNCONSCIOUS IN *ARKHAM ASYLUM*
by Lucy Rollin

14
BUD FISHER AND THE DAILY COMIC STRIP
by Robert C. Harvey

26
THE VIEW FROM THE BACK STAIRS
by Oliver Harrington

DEPARTMENTS

RESOURCES

34 The Ohio State University Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library

BOOK REVIEWS

38 *The Savage Mirror* by Steven Heller and Gail Anderson
reviewed by John J. Appel

39 *Never Underestimate . . .* by Margaret F. Viens
reviewed by Bruce Wheltle

42 *Understanding Comics* by Scott McCloud
reviewed by Joseph Witek

EXHIBITION REVIEW

48 *Lines of the Times*
reviewed by Bruce Wheltle

BIBLIOGRAPHY

50 *Ethnicity and Cartoon Art*

51 CONTRIBUTORS **51** GUIDELINES FOR AUTHORS

Cover by Bill Watterson

editorial

sions are welcomed from art historians, journalism historians, literary critics and cartoonists, and it is hoped that sociologists, economists, business historians, political scientists and educators will also provide their insights.

Lively articles about political cartoons, comic strips, comic books and magazine cartoons provide the foundation of this publication. Because of the differences in concept and presentation, articles on animation are excluded unless related in some fashion to cartooning in print media. *INKS* strives to be the premier journal in its field as well as a forum for new concepts and debate. Scholarly articles of variable length form the core of *INKS*, and the editors look for pieces under two broad categories: historical and analytical.

Productive scholarship on print cartooning has been done both inside and outside of the academy. We are fortunate that the editorial board of *INKS* represents the best of both areas. These talented and knowledgable persons have devoted much time and energy to the journal, and for this we are grateful.

Bill Watterson's delightful cover illustration for this issue reminds us not to take ourselves too seriously. *INKS* has important goals and a high purpose, but these need not be somber or boring. We hope that you share our excitment about the journal.

Lucy Shelton Caswell
Editor

Guilt and the Unconscious in Arkham Asylum[1]

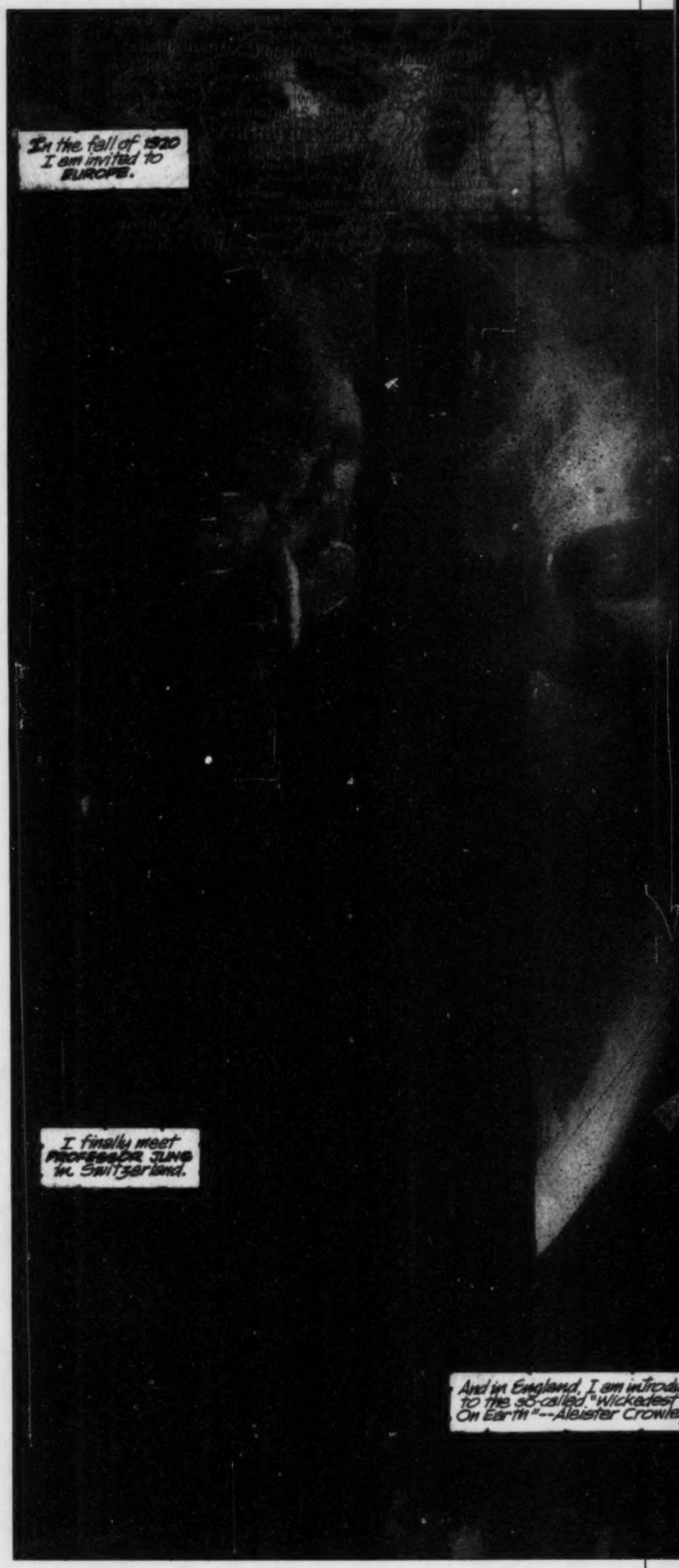
BY LUCY ROLLIN

One does not need to be an avid reader and collector of comic books to be aware of the remarkable transformations comic art has undergone in recent years. Once aimed at children and young adults, comic books were chiefly action tales told in serial pictures, printed on pulp paper and full of advertisements. Now, the comic market includes longer and more complex tales aimed at an adult readership. Printed on high-quality paper and free of advertisements, these books have been designated "graphic novels" to distinguish them from more traditional comic books, and their contents are certainly worthy of the term comic art. Their authors usé narrative techniques more akin to Robert Coover (out of James Joyce) than to Louis Lamour, and stunningly versatile artwork which borrows equally from the traditions of Breughel, Turner, and Steve Ditko.

As M. Thomas Inge has pointed out, such transformations parallel those in social consciousness over the last fifty years, as Americans have moved from what seemed a relatively simple society to one marked by pluralism and confusion in almost every area.[2] The fragmented narratives of recent graphic novels such as *Watchmen* attest to, and seem to replicate, the fragmentation of our culture.

Inge notes that the creators of such comics are "free as never before to address some of the philosophical, social, and political issues that are at the heart of all great literature."[3] He also says that one graphic novel has remained puzzling to its readers: Morrison and McKean's 1989 Batman tale *Arkham Asylum*.[4] This essay proposes that the power of *Arkham Asylum* lies not in philosophical, social, or political speculations, as have its predecessors in the genre, but in an intense exploration of the unconscious. This interpretation may partially explain the puzzlement and controversy which have accompanied it, since it bypasses the externals and goes directly to the human psyche—never a comfortable place to be. As earlier graphic novels face and replicate the fragmentation of our culture, *Arkham Asylum* faces and replicates the ambivalent human mind and heart, precariously balanced between sanity and madness.

Dave McKean's artwork for *Arkham Asylum* evokes the unconscious more fully than could any novel of words alone, not only underscoring and interpreting this tale of guilt and madness but expanding it symbolically until it becomes an experience of the unconscious instead of a depiction of it. For example, the color used throughout the book is extraordinarily intense. Black and white pictures occur at moments with exterior focus—moments of evident sanity and truth, such as Batman's conversation with the Commissioner near the beginning of the book. But the chief colors throughout, announced by the endpapers as they draw us in, are black and red, colors appropriate to this tale of interiors, darkness, bats, and blood. Other colors are used for their shock effect, such as the Joker's intensely green hair and nails and the vivid blue of the electrified darkness at the heart of the asylum. A rich brown marks the title


In the fall of 1920 I am invited to EUROPE.
I finally meet PROFESSOR JUNG in Switzerland.
And in England, I am introdu to the so-called "Wickedest On Earth"--Aleister Crowley

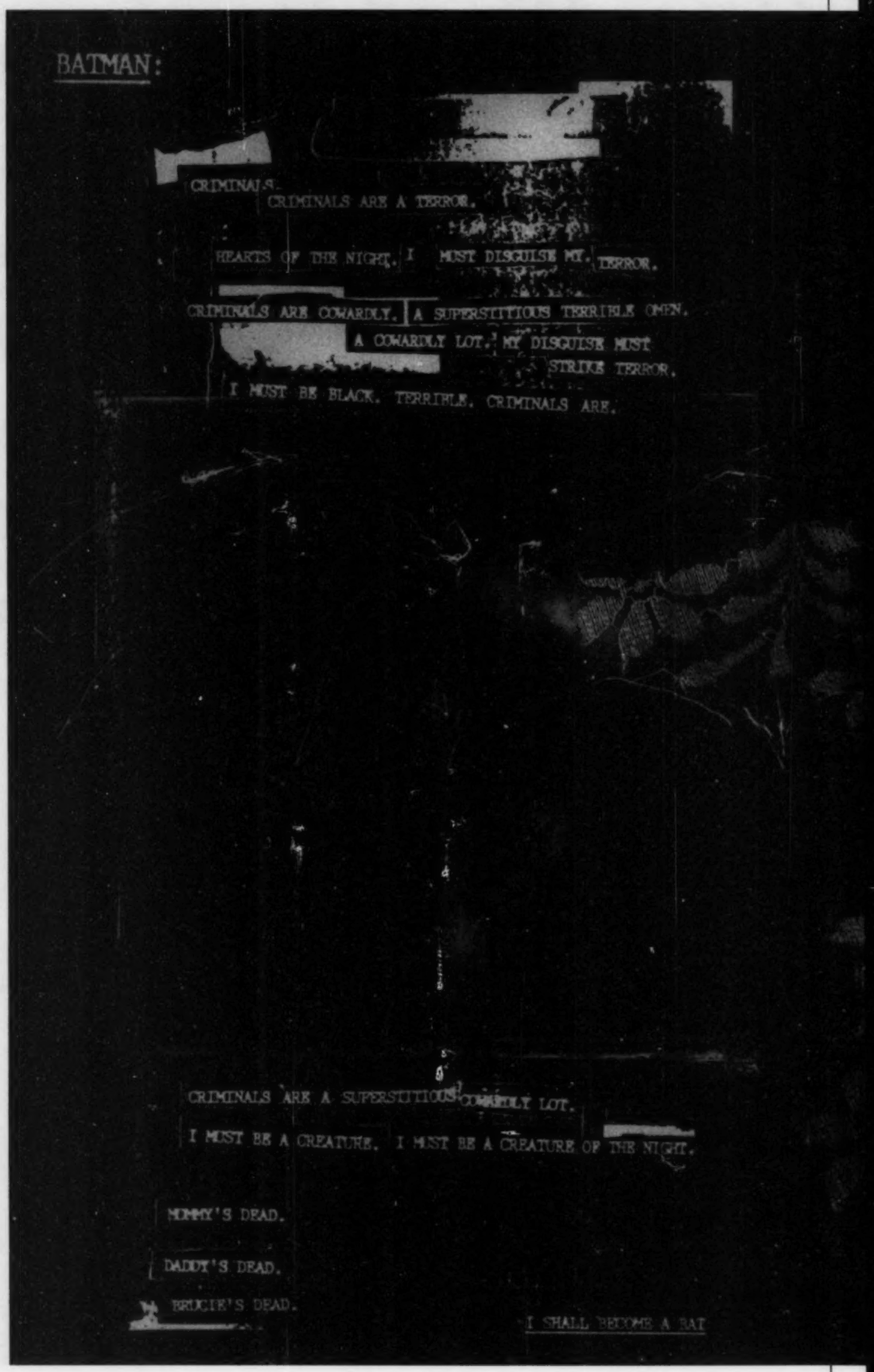
McKean's depiction of Amadeus Arkham's 1920 trip to Europe, blending portraits of Jung, a criminal named Aleister Crowley, and Arkham himself with a collage of tarot symbols, handwriting, and various antique documents. This is perhaps the only genuinely peaceful moment in the novel, culminating in the fourth panel's richly-hued imitation of a Turner painting, but still showing the restless complexity achieved through collage and the uneven placement of images.

I find him charming and
highly cultured.
He dislikes the symbolism
of the Egyptian that one
finds in art circles.
Twice.
I run out of French cigarettes
in the Mid-Atlantic.

and concluding pages, as if to anchor the tale, as its subtitle says, "in a serious house on serious earth."

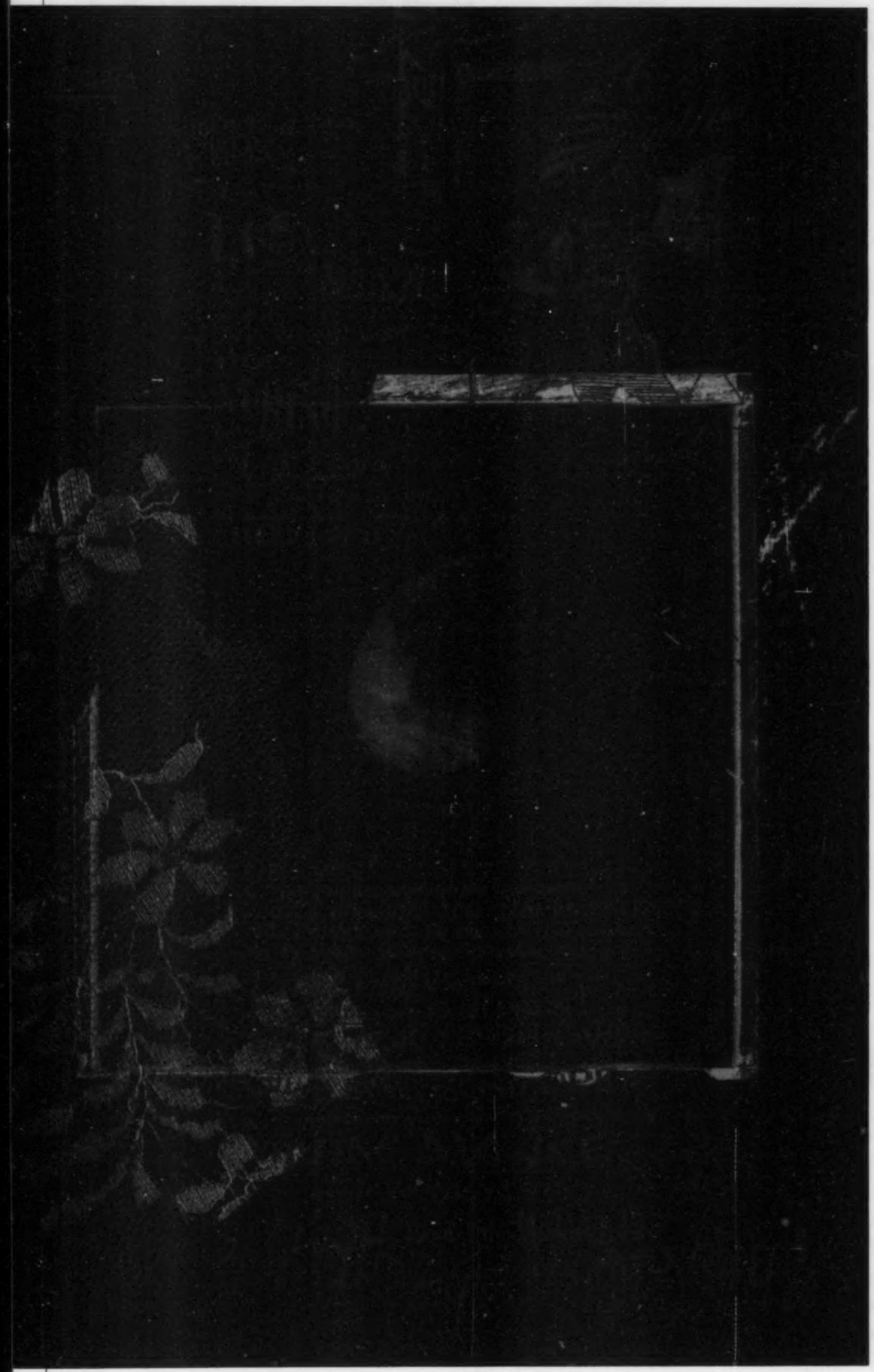
Julia Kristeva has suggested that color in visual art is the element that speaks most directly to the unconscious, to that which we cannot name in language: "color . . . escapes censorship; and the unconscious irrupts into a culturally coded pictorial distribution."[5] Though the usual comic art codes are clearly operating here, the overall use of color certainly suggests such an "irruption." Moreover, some psychologists have determined that it is not hue or shade which most communicates emotions, but saturation—the relative intensity of color which "manifests itself most powerfully in the analysis of the relations between connotations and perceptions."[6] One has only to page through *Arkham Asylum* to experience the remarkable saturation of color throughout the book. Even the quality of the paper allows for an intensity of color more associated with gift books or "coffee-table books" than with comic art, and since the white space in this book is limited to occasional thin white lines between pictures, the overall effect is emotionally unrelenting.

McKean's use of collage further replicates the unconscious. Alternating with such drawing as we might expect in comic art are moments of photographic realism, close-ups of fabrics and objects, writing, vague suggestions of shadowy figures, and even "quotations" from other artists such as Turner. Such fragmentation visually reproduces the jumble of memory, sensory experience, language, image, and fantasy that characterizes our dreams, allowing a glimpse into the unconscious. There is also often a figure-ground arrangement: the pictures which move the narrative forward are


BATMAN:
CRIMINALS.
CRIMINALS ARE A TERROR.
HEARTS OF THE NIGHT. I MUST DISGUISE MY. TERROR.
CRIMINALS ARE COWARDLY. A SUPERSTITIOUS TERRIBLE OMEN.
A COWARDLY LOT. MY DISGUISE MUST
STRIKE TERROR.
I MUST BE BLACK. TERRIBLE. CRIMINALS ARE.
CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT.
I MUST BE A CREATURE. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT.
MOMMY'S DEAD.
DADDY'S DEAD.
BRUCIE'S DEAD.
I SHALL BECOME A BAT

The closing pages of the novel, in which the characters of Batman and the Joker are summarized in layers of words and images. Unlike the other "biographical sketches" which follow, these are joined by the collage of a piece of lace, symbolic of Amadeus Arkham's mother, an arrangement that underscores the almost twin-like relationship between Batman and the Joker and their own kinship with the mad Arkham.

imposed on backgrounds which appear to be fabrics, torn paper, diagrams, clocks, blood, and the shadow of Batman himself. The entire book gives the impression of dense layers of meaning, symbol on symbol, most of which we can never consciously explain but which nevertheless communicate and disturb—as do our dreams.



The order and shape of the pictures also contribute to the phantasmagorical quality of the book and create an image of the unconscious, as the narrative focuses alternately on Batman and on the founder of the asylum, Amadeus Arkham. The pictures in the Batman sections of the narrative tend overall to observe the standard comic book format: rectangles clearly delineated from each other, six or eight to a page, to be read from left to right, line by line of pictures. Alternating with these moments, in which we can be fairly certain the narrative is proceeding ahead in the present time, are the Arkham segments, taken from Arkham's journals from 1920 and 1921. These pictures tend to be narrow vertical rectangles separated from each other on varying backgrounds, sometimes moving unevenly across the page, making the reader feel uncertain about the order of the narrative at times. As the tale describes Arkham's mushroom-induced vision and as Batman moves into the heart of the asylum, the pictures become more randomly placed, the lines separating them crooked, incomplete, overlapping, the pictures themselves showing many shadowy shapes punctuated occasionally by startling, detailed images. At the moment when Arkham and Batman simultaneously kill the "dragon," the pictures stretch completely across the page horizontally, creating a sense of fluidity that occurs nowhere else in the book and which blends the figures of Arkham and Batman for the reader visually as words alone could not.

In addition to this visual evocation of the unconscious, the plot of *Arkham Asylum* invites a more specific psychoanalytic interpretation, partly, of course, because it is set in a mental hospital and makes frequent references to psychotherapy. Arkham was a psychiatrist, and says that he met Jung in Switzerland in 1920. When Batman comments that psychiatry has destroyed an inmate's personal-

ity, Dr. Ruth Adams, a therapist in the asylum, says that psychiatry must "pull down in order to rebuild . . . psychiatry's like that."

More importantly, the character of the Joker assumes an especially psychoanalytic function. On April Fools' Day, he telephones the Commissioner and insists that Batman come to the asylum; the inmates have taken over and want Batman as their hostage. When Batman arrives, he finds the Joker in charge as his usual abrasive and wise-cracking self, his clown-white face often thrust toward Batman or the reader in deliberate attempts to shock. Further, McKean uses the usual speech balloons for most of the characters in this novel, but the Joker's dialogue appears only in red scrawls, uncontained, uneven, its appearance suggesting what we might expect of the Joker: aggression, freedom from the usual restraints of ego and superego, extreme abrasiveness—in Freudian terms, the id. However, as the narrative proceeds, the Joker's function becomes more complex. By urging Batman into the dark places of the building and thus into the dark places of his mind, he becomes his psychiatrist, at one point even giving him a Rorschach test. Moreover, from his first appearance he takes on a feminine role, greeting Batman with "Aren't I just good enough to eat?," calling him "honey pie," and goosing him. His red mouth and long nails also suggest the feminine, and in one of the final pictures of him, he is wearing high heels. This particular brand of clowning is not especially new for the Joker, but its significance is intensified in the psychiatric setting of this book. In psychoanalytic terms, the Joker is encouraging the transference that must take place for a successful psychoanalysis: he assumes the role of a woman to help Batman reenact his feelings toward his mother and her death. Batman's journey into his unconscious is facilitated by the Joker, making him a kind of perverse healer, a Dantean guide into the underworld of the asylum and of Batman's mind.

What emerges on this interior journey is Batman's guilt over his mother's death. Of course, this guilt is not a new theme in Batman tales. Batman's painful memory of the violent death of his parents helps establish his humanity—the quality that makes him unique among comic book superheroes—and appears frequently though not centrally in other Batman stories. But set in an asylum peopled with the criminally insane, where guilt is problematic at best, and set against Arkham's confused memories of his own mother and her death (we learn eventually that Arkham murdered his mother), Batman's recurring guilty feelings become the nucleus of this tale.

The visual and verbal complexity of this book makes any single interpretation, psychoanalytic or otherwise, difficult. Other psychoanalytic interpretations might draw on Jung's archetypes, Lacan's mirrors, Winnicott's holding, or Kohut's notions of the self, all of which would illuminate the book in particular ways. But the centrality of guilt and its association with the mother in *Arkham Asylum* invites a psychoanalytic approach that focuses on these

Batman's arrival at the asylum and the Joker's greeting. The first panel is almost colorless, while the next is marked with the intense green of the Joker's hair and the red of his eyes and mouth. The color in third panel moves, top to bottom, from the delicacy of a sunset seen through trees, to the swirl of electric green at the bottom of the picture. The use of color and the alternating rhythm of distance and close-up provide a transition from outside to inside the asylum.

elements, and one particular analytic theorist provides that approach. While Freud acknowledged guilt as the source of neurosis, analyst Melanie Klein, in her work in England between 1920 and 1955, placed guilt at the very center of the human psyche, making it the fulcrum which determined sanity and psychosis. An interpretation based on Kleinian theory has, therefore, special significance here.

Two basic elements of Kleinian thought are particularly germane to this novel. First is the importance of the mother. Unlike Freud, who emphasized the father as the formative figure in a child's life, Klein

believed that the central relationship in human life was that between mother and child. The mother, or mother-figure, is the object of all the infant's love and aggression—conflicting feelings that are present from the first, according to Klein, and against which the infant learns to defend itself. Second is her notion of how the infant copes with its conflicting feelings. The frustrations of early infancy cause the infant, in self-protection, to split off the bad from the good, in both itself and the mother-figure, and to project all its aggression outward onto what it has fantasied as the bad mother. Klein called this the paranoid-schizoid position. As the infant's ego develops, however, it begins to perceive a whole mother, not a split-off part, and feels guilt for its aggression, trying then to repair its fantasied destruction of the bad mother. Klein called this the depressive position, believing it a major achievement in human development, for it allows us to learn to love and trust.

Some people, for whatever reasons, cannot achieve a genuine sense of guilt and never work through the depressive position. Their egos, Klein said, regress to the paranoid-schizoid position, the guilty feelings become aggressive and destructive, and they are likely to become psychotic. In Klein's view, though, most of us oscillate between these two positions, to some degree, throughout our psychic lives, returning again and again to the depressive position to make reparation for our fantasied early aggressions.

In *Arkham Asylum*, the Joker's evident amorality and complete freedom from guilt contrast with the deep guilt of Batman and of his alter ego here, Amadeus Arkham, founder of the asylum. The narrative alternates Batman's visit to the asylum, happening in the present, with excerpts from Arkham's journal of 1920 and 1921, shifting back and forth between the two narratives until they momentarily merge at the climax of the tale. What unites the two men is their guilt about their mothers' deaths. Arkham's widowed mother is established as clearly insane in the opening pages of the novel; after her apparent suicide and after Arkham has become a psychiatrist working with the criminally insane, he returns to the house in 1920 and opens it as a hospital for such people. Soon thereafter, his wife and daughter are horribly murdered by a patient he has treated. He controls his rage for a time, and continues to treat this man, but one day, murders him on the electroshock couch. "I feel nothing," he says. Eventually, after becoming more isolated in the house, he ingests the amanita mushroom and experiences a vision: he faces and kills his "dragon," crying out "Mother!" and realizing in that moment that it was he who murdered his mother, when she begged him to protect her from her terrible fears of a huge bat. Kleinian theory would suggest that—perhaps because his mother's insanity prevented a normal relationship with her, perhaps because of genetic disposition—he could not work through his depressive position. Instead of making reparation, he took revenge, his unresolved guilt eventually resulting in complete psychosis; he hears voices, sees visions, and retreats into an obsessive-compulsive state in which ritual and symbol are his only protection from the evil he sees around him, but which is really inside him. He spends his last days scratching a binding spell on the floor of his prison cell.

Alternating with this narrative, we see Batman reacting to Arkham's tale and using it to confront his own guilt. At the Joker's urging, Dr. Ruth Adams begins the process with a word-association test, the opening word of which is "mother," thus encouraging Batman to recall the circumstances of his mother's death. The next portion of the novel—the journey into the depths of the asylum and into Batman's unconscious—is partly organized around just such word associations, as the Joker's words and those of other inhabitants of the asylum trigger Batman's memories and guilt. As the Joker orders him to "Run!" into the bowels of the asylum, he remembers running terrified from the movie *Bambi*, a film famous for its depiction of a murdered mother (though a subsequent picture indicates that the movie was *Zorro*—suggesting that like Arkham's, Batman's memory is factually confused but psychologically accurate). His parents followed, angry, his mother telling him she would leave him "right here" unless he behaved. At this moment, his parents were senselessly murdered on the street, leaving the boy orphaned. The pain of this memory causes Batman to stab himself in the hand, saying "Mommy?" He runs further into the asylum, encountering inmates who become projections of his own psyche, especially of his isolation and his obsession with power. One of these characters comments, "Arkham is a looking glass, and we are you." Arkham's journal entries then become a kind of voice-over, as in a secret room deep in the asylum Batman encounters his own "dragon" and slays it, joining in Arkham's cry of "Mother!" At this moment, Batman and Arkham are one.

Arkham and Batman slay the dragon of their guilt simulateously in the climactic moment of the novel. This is also one of the most fluid and layered moments of psychological action, depicted in horizontal pictures of confused action, alternating points of view, and blurred and broken lines.

"Hung on the windy tree for nine whole nights wounded with the spear.

"Dedicated to Odin.

"Myself to myself."

I must see my REFLECTION, to prove I still EXIST.

Outside I hear the dragon coming closer, closer.

Desperately, I peel the tape from the mirror, breaking my fingernails, strip by strip.

Until I stand revealed in the glass.

And I stare into old familiar eyes.

MOTHER!

But unlike Arkham, Batman apparently does not become psychotic. Instead, he acknowledges his guilt simply, and takes on the duties of reparation. In answer to the mad Doctor Cavendish's accusation that he is the terrible bat-spirit that haunts the asylum, responsible for the deaths of Arkham and Arkham's mother, Batman says hesitantly, "I'm just a man." Though his guilt is enormous, the sense that he was responsible for his mother's death a painful and omnipresent burden, Batman has moved outside himself to make reparation, using his guilt to help others overcome evil. In this novel he makes specific reparation, after this dramatic encounter with his guilt, by destroying the secret room and freeing the inmates. He also offers to stay with them, if he loses the toss of a coin. But he wins the toss and goes free, still carrying his burden. We have the sense that Batman will have to return again and again to his depressive position, symbolized here by the asylum, to make reparation again and again, not only by conquering a continuing series of comic book villains, but by facing his own rage and aggression. For unlike Arkham, Batman seems to realize the blurred line between reparation and revenge, wondering which he is engaged in at times, always aware that his actions might be the signs of madness—a theme developed early on in Batman comics and explored more fully in the 1986 graphic novel *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns* and in the subsequent Tim Burton films. Batman shares this uncertainty with Superman and the Green Lantern, and with other superheroes who have acknowledged their weaknesses and wondered about their reliance on disguise and violence to achieve their ends.

But in the character of Batman, a superhero without superpowers, this awareness is especially poignant and Christlike, a similarity Morrison and McKean underscore. The religious aspects of guilt are acknowledged directly and symbolically in *Arkham Asylum*. One of the opening pages calls the tale "the passion play, as it is played today," and at the moment when Batman says, "I'm just a man," an image of Christ appears beside him. Images of the floor plan of a cathedral appear often, and at the moment of the dragon-slaying, Arkham—and Batman—compare themselves to Parsifal and to "Christ on the cedar." Even the blood-sodden wedding dress of Arkham's mother, which he in his madness wears and which later the insane Dr. Cavendish seems to be wearing in his imagined role of purifier, looks more like a bishop's robe than a bridal gown. All of this suggests the themes of guilt and atonement which permeate Christian thought just as they do this novel. But Christian guilt was atoned for on the cross, and believers can be washed clean forever. *Arkham Asylum* is the passion play "as it is played today," when the cause of guilt takes other forms: Freudian id, Jungian shadow, Kleinian aggression. Since, psychoanalytically speaking, these are perpetually present, they require repeated atonement, just as Batman must continue his vigilance and his struggle with himself. The Joker's closing words, as Batman leaves the asylum, evoke the original, religious meaning of asylum, a place of refuge: "Just don't forget," he says, "if it ever gets too tough, there's always a place for you here."

One of the most useful elements in Klein's work is her assumption that psychological time is not linear. Where Freud examined the present moment of neurosis and reconstructed the past from it, Klein believed that infantile notions of time govern the unconscious and make the past a "perpetual present." Such infantile time "would seem to be nearer to spatial relationships: here, there; come, gone; horizontal, punctuated duration rather than an historical, vertical temporal perspective."[7] The entire arrangement of *Arkham Asylum*, both its plot and illustrations, offer the reader this sense of spatial time; Batman's experience of his mother's death is perpetually present in his unconscious, just as Arkham's was. Batman experiences Arkham's past as he reads it just as he experiences his own. He slays his dragon at the same moment—in psychological time—that Arkham slays his. The intensity and ambiguity of this moment are represented by the ambiguity of the fluid horizontal pictures, showing partial moments of Batman slaying a huge reptile but himself being stabbed through the body at the same time. Moreover, it is only in the next moments, evidently, that Batman first sees Arkham's journal, though it has been visually present to the reader from the opening pages of the novel. Thus the narrative takes on a circular quality, suggesting that Batman will relive Arkham's tale, again and again, as he projects his own rage and guilt on to the figure of Arkham. Though Arkham is physically dead, he has become perpetually present for Batman.

One of the problems with Klein's theory is its constant use of duality, a way of thinking that has come under critical scrutiny as oversimplified. Klein posits two basic "positions" in our psychological lives, which continue to dominate our relationships with others; Kleinian analysts speak constantly of "splitting." And Klein focused, not on the Oedipal triangle, but the mother-child dyad. Yet what Kleinian theory seems to lose in intellectual complexity through this emphasis on the dual, it gains in emotional intensity. Certainly the mother-child relationship dominates most people's early lives, and using it to drive a narrative is an almost infallible way

to involve the reader, both consciously and unconsciously. Morrison and McKean underscore the importance of the mother to this tale with their epilogue, a quotation from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*: "Is it not a Mother's gentle hand that withdraws your curtains, and a Mother's sweet voice that summons you to rise? To rise and forget, in the bright sunlight, the ugly dreams that frightened you so when all was dark." In the light of all that has preceded, this is extremely ironic: it is the mother who has caused the ugly dreams, not released Arkham or Batman from them. Arkham is dead, but the dreams have not ended for Batman. The novel plays with duality in other ways as well: in the alternating narratives, in the Batman-Joker confrontation and in the Batman-Arkham identity, both encounters with Jungian shadows, and especially in the presence of the inmate criminal "Two-Face," who was Harvey Dent. One side of his face having become horribly disfigured, Dent had become obsessed with duality and flipped a silver dollar to make all his decisions. Dr. Adams, the psychotherapist, has weaned him to a pack of tarot cards, so that he now has more choices. Yet at the end of the tale, the choice comes down to two: Batman stays or goes, and it is Two-Face's coin that makes the decision. Here too, complexity collapses like Dent's tarot deck in the face of the emotional simplicity and intensity of the dual.

The duality that characterizes Kleinian theory seems especially appropriate for interpreting almost any graphic novel or comic book, because these literary forms communicate simulateously in words and pictures. Just as the unconscious mixes words and images in remarkably complex ways to pursue its concerns, the layering of words and images in comic art suggests that words alone cannot hold all meaning. But in *Arkham Asylum* especially, the pictures do not only add information; they *are* information, equal to the words. They do not only clarify; they deliberately multiply possible meanings, suggesting hidden significances, other paths to take, a truth always just out of reach. And our eyes must work through both media, balancing, sorting, accepting. Such reading may involve more layers of the conscious and unconscious than can words alone.

Freud's breakthrough was the recognition that the neurotic was an extension of the normal. Jung believed we must acknowledge our evil "shadow selves" before we can be whole. Klein's contribution, working as she did on the borderline between the physical and the psychological, was the recognition of the psychotic in the infantile, and hence in all our dreams, our fantasies, and our hidden obsessions. McKean and Morrison's *Arkham Asylum* explores the many forms this presence might take. Amadeus Arkham was insane. The Joker may be insane, though Dr. Adams says that he may represent some kind of "super-sanity. . . more suited to urban life at the end of the twentieth century." What about Batman? The closing pages of the novel, a kind of "cast of characters" summary, place him, obsessed with criminals and disguise, among the inmates of the asylum: *primus inter pares*. With wry humor, McKean and Morrison place themselves there as well; their pictures and bios follow this list of the criminal inmates, inviting the reader to wonder if we do not all belong there, for we all dream, we all fantasize, we all obsess to some degree. As the character in the asylum tells Batman, Morrison and McKean seem to say to the reader: "Arkham is a looking glass, and we are you."

It may be coincidental that Melanie Klein's work is best known in England and that Morrison and McKean both live in the United Kingdom. But all three have much to offer to readers on this side of the Atlantic as well. Just as Klein's work raises disturbing questions about mothers and about the associations among sanity, guilt, and madness, *Arkham Asylum* opens a window onto the unsettling world of the unconscious, raising those same questions, and not simplifying the answers. Since the days of EC Comics, comic books have always offered their readers a glimpse of their darker fantasies, but this novel depicts the guilt occasioned by our most elemental fantasies, as its strange, painterly beauty draws us into the dark world we share with all who feel guilty. It is a remarkable achievement.

NOTES

1. An earlier version of this paper was presented for the "Comic Art and Comics" section of the Popular Culture Association in New Orleans on April 10, 1993.

2. M. Thomas Inge, "American Comic Books: A Brief History and State of the Art," *The World and I* (July 1992): 560-577.

3. Inge, "American Comic Books," 577.

4. Grant Morrison and Dave McKean, *Arkham Asylum* (New York: DC Comics, 1989).

5. Julia Kristeva, *Desire in Language: A Semiotic Approach to Literature and Art*, ed. Leon Roudiez, trans. Thomas Gora, Alice Jardine and Leon Roudiez (New York: Columbia University Press, 1980), 220.

6. Benjamin Wright and Lee Rainwater, "The Meaning of Color," *Journal of General Psychology* 67 (1962) as quoted in Perry Nodelman, *Words about Pictures* (Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press, 1988), 66.

7. Juliet Mitchell, Introduction to *The Selected Melanie Klein* (London: Penguin, 1986), 26.

Illustrations are reprinted from ARKHAM ASYLUM written by Grant Morrison and illustrated by Dave McKean. Copyright ©1989 by DC Comics. All rights reserved. Used with permission of DC Comics.

BUD FISHER AND THE

BY ROBERT C. HARVEY

Mutt and Jeff attest to the cultural potency of the comic strip. The duo long ago ascended to the pantheon of American mythology: in common parlance, the names (seemingly forever yoked) always denote a visually mismatched pair, a tall person and a short one. Several generations of newspaper readers delighted in a daily dose of hillarity administered by the antics of the lanky Mutt and the runty Jeff, the former almost always exasperated to the point of desperation by the imperturbable ignorance (or is it beatific innocence?) of the latter. Mutt pursued every conceivable occupation and avocation in quest of a bigger bankroll; and in every endeavor, he was frustrated by Jeff's inability to concentrate on the main chance. But as a comic strip rather than as a cultural and lexical phenomenon, *Mutt and Jeff* enjoys another distinction: it established the appearance of the medium, its daily format. Moreover, in the process of consolidating the art form, *Mutt and Jeff* employed many devices—such as continuous day-to-day narrative and political satire—that we normally associate with periods much later in the history of the newspaper comic strip. And the author of this prototypical enterprise, Harry Conway "Bud" Fisher, was likewise something of an exemplar: in the conduct of his professional life, he set precedents that would affect the lives of other cartoonists for decades.

Fisher did not invent the "strip" format for the daily comic strip. Other cartoonists before him had strung their comic pictures together in single file across a daily newspaper page before *Mutt and Jeff* started on November 15, 1907. But these were isolated instances, one-time occurrences. Fisher was not even the first to deploy the form on a regular daily basis. That distinction belongs to Clare Briggs.

Briggs, a cartoonist on the staff of the *Chicago American*, inaugurated a six-days-a-week strip late in 1903 at the instigation of his editor, Moses Koenigsberg. Called *A. Piker Clerk*, the Briggs-Koenigsberg concoction dealt with horse racing and betting. It was intended to stimulate sales of the "Final Sports" edition of the paper by serializing the gambling exploits of the title character: A. Piker Clerk placed a wager one day, and the outcome was reported in the next day's strip. To find out whether Clerk won, readers had to buy the next day's paper. The scheme worked; newsstand sales went up. But daily publication of the strip was discontinued after a fairly short run because William Randolph Hearst, publisher of the *Chicago American*, thought the strip was too vulgar.[1]

In contrast to these earlier efforts, *Mutt and Jeff* endured. And because it lasted—because it kept coming back, day after day after day, seven days a week—it was the first *successful* daily comic strip. As Coulton Waugh observed, the Columbus Principle obtains: the Vikings may have been the first Europeans to trod beaches in the Western Hemisphere, but Christopher Columbus inspired others with his visit and thereby earned his niche in history.[2] *Mutt and Jeff* did the same: its regular appearance and its continued popularity invited imita-

Even this rendering of A. Mutt himself shows a more sophisticated artistic talent than was on display in most of the daily installments of the strip.

DAILY COMIC STRIP

tion, thus establishing the daily "strip" form for a certain kind of newspaper cartoon.

Until *Mutt and Jeff* set the fashion, newspaper cartoons usually reached readers in one of two forms: on Sunday, in colored pages of tiered panels in sequence (like Winsor McCay's famed *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, a feature intended chiefly for children to read); and on weekdays, collections of comic drawings grouped almost haphazardly within the ruled border of a large single-frame panel (directed mostly to adult readers). The daily cartoons were often found in a paper's sports section and featured graphic reportage and comic commentary on the doings of diamond, ring, track, and other arenas of athletic competition. In 1907, Bud Fisher was a sports cartoonist on the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and so, not surprisingly, the comic strip he launched that became *Mutt and Jeff* focused on a preoccupation of the sporting crowd—namely, betting. The similarity to the *A. Piker Clerk* venture in Chicago may have been pure coincidence; maybe not.[3] Fisher had grown up in Chicago, but he left long before the Briggs and Koenigsberg experiment.

Born on April 3, 1884 (or 1885), Fisher entered the University of Chicago but quit after three months and went to California to seek his fortune.[4] When he arrived at the *Chronicle*, he, like most early cartoonists, was assigned to the sports department, where, for a few years, he did layouts and occasionally drew pictures celebrating in humorous graphics what proper society then regarded with disdain—the dubious prowess and feats of professional athletes, their trainers, managers, promoters,

Fisher drew himself and his star players for *American Magazine* in about 1916.

and hangers-on and other alleged riffraff. Then on that November day in 1907, Fisher entered the history books by spreading his comic drawings in sequence across the width of the sports page. And when his editor consented to this departure from the usual practice, the daily comic strip format was on its way to becoming a fixture in daily newspapers. (The editor's consent was not as easily obtained as we might imagine. John P. Young had turned down Fisher's suggestion for a sports page strip two years earlier because, he is alleged to have said, "it would take up too much room, and readers are used to reading down the page and not horizontally."[5]

Fisher scarcely imagined he was establishing an artform. "In selecting the strip form for the picture," he once wrote, "I thought I would get a prominent position across the top of the sporting page, which I did, and that pleased my vanity. I also thought the cartoon would be easy to read in this form. It was."[6]

By way of introducing and describing his cast, Fisher called his strip *A. Mutt* (another echo of Briggs' earlier endeavor). "Mutt" was short for "muttonhead"—a fool. Eric Partridge in *Slang Today and Yesterday* even credits Fisher with inventing the clipped version of the term.[7] And Augustus Mutt was indeed something of a fool: he was a compulsive horse-player, a "plunger." At first the strip concentrated exclusively on Mutt's daily quest for the right horse to bet on and for the wherewithal to place the wager. Mutt had the stage almost entirely to himself: there was no Jeff at the beginning. We saw Mutt's wife every once in a while—and his young son, Cicero. But no Jeff. Jeff did not come along until later.

In those days before national syndication, a cartoonist drew only for his own paper, and he generally drew a cartoon just the day before it would be published. (Later, syndicates would require cartoonists to submit their work weeks in advance because it took that much production time to prepare the material for distribution to newspapers all around the country.) The circumstance permitted extremely topical and local comedy: the cartoon in today's paper could be based upon the news in yesterday's paper, often news of city hall or the nearest police precinct house. Or, in the case of sports cartoons, the playing field or race track. It was a circumstance Fisher seized upon and exploited.

Whether Fisher was deliberately or only coincidentally repeating Briggs' formula we cannot say. We do know, however, that in determining which horse Mutt would bet on in the strip to be published in, say, Tuesday morning's paper, Fisher picked a real horse that would be running Tuesday afternoon at the Emeryville track across the bay. Fellow racing enthusiasts had to wait for Wednesday's paper to learn the

Mr. A. Mutt

I'M A RUM FOR WORKING FOR $10 A WEEK, I SEE HERE WHERE A GUY COPPED A MILLION ON THE TRACK
AW, GET WISE TO YOUR SELF AN' READ DE 'CHRONICLES' HANDICAP SOMPIN' DOIN' IN DE TOID RACE TO-DAY.
FISHER
MR A. MUTT DECIDES TO TAKE A SHORT CUT TO RICHES AND —

A. Mutt's first appearance, November 15, 1907.

outcome of Mutt's bet. The cartoonist's selection was entirely whimsical: he picked horses whose names inspired a gag in that day's strip.[8] Mutt lost mostly, but, given the vicissitudes of wagering, he won every once in a while. And that was often enough. Readers of the strip began to take his wagers seriously, interpreting them as inside tips. Before long, they were hooked, and their addiction guaranteed the strip's continued appearance (not to mention continued sales of the *Chronicle* at the newsstand). Fisher was on his way to fame as well as fortune.

But Fisher did more for the comic strip medium than establish its format. According to John Wheeler, founder of the Wheeler (later Bell) Syndicate (distributor of *Mutt and Jeff* for most of the strip's run), Fisher, "by his guts and independence, probably did more to make the cartoon business for his more cowardly confreres than anyone else who has ever been in it."[9] To begin with, Fisher had the foresight to copyright *A. Mutt* in his own name—and, later, to apply for a trademark on the title.[10] And he had the audacity to go to court to secure his rights. The strip was his and no one else's. By resorting to litigation, Fisher showed other cartoonists that they could enjoy ownership of their creations if they established lawful rights to their work. By the same token, newspapers and syndicates learned they should trademark the comic strip creations they bought.[11]

Starts in to Play the Races

I OUGHT GET THAT HUNDRED THE OLD LADY SAVE UP AND RUN IT INTO A COUPLE-O-MILLION EASY "MONEY MUSS" SOUNDS GOOD FOR THE 2ND AN' I'VE HEARD OF "PROPER" BEFORE GUESS I'LL PLAY 10 BUCKS ON EACH
YE-AH ?
SHHHH- I KNOW A GUY WOT KNOWS A BLOKE WHO KNOWS A FRIEND OF A FELLOW WOT USED TO GO WITH A SISTER OF A MAN WHO IS A HALF COUSIN TO A GAZABO WHO WAS A STABLE BOY FOR JENNINGS AN' HE SAYS "BLONDY" IS A PIPE
THE LOW DOWN KID
$10- PROPER TO WIN $10 "MONEY MUSS" A PLACE $10 STRAIGHT ON "BLONDY"
PUT IN OR TAKE OUT CLUB
SEE WHAT MR. MUTT DOES FOR HIMSELF IN TOMOR-ROW'S "CHRONICLE"
AFTER WISING HIMSELF ON THE DOPE AND-
ABSORBING A LITTLE OF THE "INSIDE INFOR"
INVESTS THUSLY

Fisher's first legal skirmish took place within months of his strip's debut. Press baron Hearst, seeing that *A. Mutt* seemed responsible for his San Francisco competition's increase in circulation, did what he would do again and again over the next half century: he hired the rival's talent away by paying more. Much more. Hearst offered a weekly salary of $45, double Fisher's pay at the *Chronicle*, and *A. Mutt* began running in Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner* on December 11, 1907, a mere three weeks after it had started in the other paper. It also continued to run in the *Chronicle*. In accordance with established practice, *A. Mutt* was treated as if it were the *Chronicle's* property: the editors simply hired another cartoonist (Russ Westover, later the creator of *Tillie the Toiler*) to draw the strip. But this time, the situation was different. The paper's presumed right to ownership of the strip had been undermined by Fisher's canny maneuver on the last day he worked for the *Chronicle*. Waiting until after his editor approved the day's strip, Fisher went into the engraving room and, before the plate was made, wrote "Copyright 1907, H. C. Fisher" in the corner of his last strip and subsequently registered the copyright in Washington.[12] The cartoonist threatened suit, and the *Chronicle*, convinced at last of the legitimacy of his copyright holding, stopped running the strip as of June 7, 1908.

Later, Fisher went to court to protect his rights and established a legal precedent. In 1913, Wheeler offered Fisher a better syndication deal than Hearst was giving him. Hearst was then paying Fisher $300 a week; Wheeler offered the cartoonist $1,000 a week or 60% of the revenue, whichever was greater. It was a staggering sum, and once persuaded that Wheeler could make the weekly guarantee, Fisher left Hearst.[13] But Hearst, anxious to hold on to a good circulation builder, hired another cartoonist (either Ed Mack or Billy Liverpool; sources differ) to draw *A. Mutt*.[14] To prevent this unauthorized use of his creation, Fisher sued—this time prosecuting the issue to a final legal resolution: the strip and its characters belonged to Fisher not to Hearst or his paper.[15] I know of no other cartoonist at the time who owned his feature. (After winning his case, Fisher hired Ed Mack as his assistant, and Mack drew the strip until he died around 1932. Mack's assistant, Al Smith, inherited the job and drew the strip until he retired, long after Fisher's death.)

Fisher's fights for his rights as a cartoonist were not confined to the courtroom. And the fighting began early. Stephen Becker tells us that while Fisher was still a staff cartoonist for the *Chronicle*, the paper reduced the size allotted to his cartoon without consulting him. Peeved, Fisher calmly tore up his artwork and refused to draw for the smaller size. In effect, he quit. But since he was obliged to give two weeks' notice, he came to the office every day for the next week or so. He did not, however, touch pen or paper. After several days of this, his editor relented, and Fisher's cartoon resumed at its usual dimension.[16]

Fisher was perfectly constituted for doing battle. According to Rube Goldberg and others who knew

him well, Fisher was an inlet of self-assured independence in a churning sea of whimpering egos.[17] He was antagonistic and belligerent—a cocky, scrappy, dapper, hard-drinking, carousing denizen of city rooms and saloons. His was the sort of personality that generates legends. For example, there was his habit of using his apartment as a target range, an incident recounted by Wheeler in his autobiography, *I've Got News For You*.

While waiting for his contract with Hearst to expire, Fisher was doing no strips. To fill his idle hours, he went with Wheeler on an expedition south of the border to interview Pancho Villa, the bandit who had somehow become the savior of his country. Villa gave Fisher a six-shooter that he had taken from the body of a man whose execution Fisher and Wheeler had been invited to watch. Fisher took the pistol back to New York, and sometimes when he returned home late at night feeling frisky, he would take the gun out and fire it at selected targets in his rooms. The first time it happened, other tenants complained to the superintendent, and that worthy naturally warned Fisher about the noise. "You're too damn strict around here," Fisher said. "It is getting so you can't shoot off a pistol in your own place at four in the morning without someone complaining. I'll move out tomorrow." "You bet you will," said the superintendent. And he did.[18]

The soaring popularity of *Mutt and Jeff* made Fisher rich beyond his wildest dreams. By 1916, popular magazine articles were reporting that he earned $150,000 a year; five years later, *Mutt and Jeff* animated cartoons and merchandising as well as the constantly growing circulation of the strip had increased his annual income to about $250,000. Fisher was without a doubt the profession's richest practitioner. He was also famous. And he quickly habituated himself to enjoying both wealth and renown.

His celebrity made him welcome in circles that were normally closed to newspapermen and other lowlifes (such as actors and professional athletes, all of whom were social outcasts for at least the first twenty years of the century). The first truly famous cartoonist, Fisher relished his position in high society, and he worked hard on his public image (tainting the world's perception of cartoonists in the process). Fisher bought a stable of race horses, drove about town in a Rolls Royce, and prowled nightclubs with a beautiful showgirl on each arm. The flood of publicity attending the production of *Mutt and Jeff* animated cartoons (beginning in 1916) claimed Fisher did all the work himself; the Raoul Barre-Charles Bowers Studio was never even mentioned. Fisher had divorced his first wife, Pauline, years before, and

ATTORNEY CAMPBELL TAKING AN EXCEPTION
JUDGE DUNNE ADMONISHING EVIDENCE
ABE RUEF LISTENING TO OBJECTIONS TO HIS TESTIMONY
JUDGE FAIRALL LOOKS NOTHING LIKE THIS
MAYOR SCHMITZ ON THE STAND

Done before A. Mutt began, these drawings of assorted San Francisco politicians reveal that Fisher's artistic ability was considerably greater than it appeared in the comic strip.

although he enjoyed the license of a bachelor life, in 1924 he married a titled European whom he met on a voyage home from France, the Countess Aedita de Beaumont, only to be legally separated four months later (but she inherited sixty-two percent of his estate).[19]

By the 1920s, Fisher was enjoying his social life so much that he left most of the work on the strip to Ed Mack. In this respect, too, Fisher may have set the mold. For a long time, the average newspaper reader, who acquired his perception of the world from what he read in his paper, believed that the famous cartoonists whose escapades were so frequently related in the society columns spent most of their time lolling around in fancy nightclubs while their strips were being drawn by underpaid starving teenagers, who slaved away in secrecy in some obscure garret. In Fisher's case, this perception was probably close to the truth. (As it was with another Fisher, Ham, whose *Joe Palooka* was drawn by others even if it was written by its creator of record.)

Bud Fisher soon became a gambling, womanizing sun-dodger, who seldom handled a pen anymore. And the more he moved in society's salons, the less use he had for his erstwhile brethren of the inky-fingered fraternity. He regularly snubbed his one-time friends. "He squandered his life and was a very unhappy man," Wheeler wrote.[20]

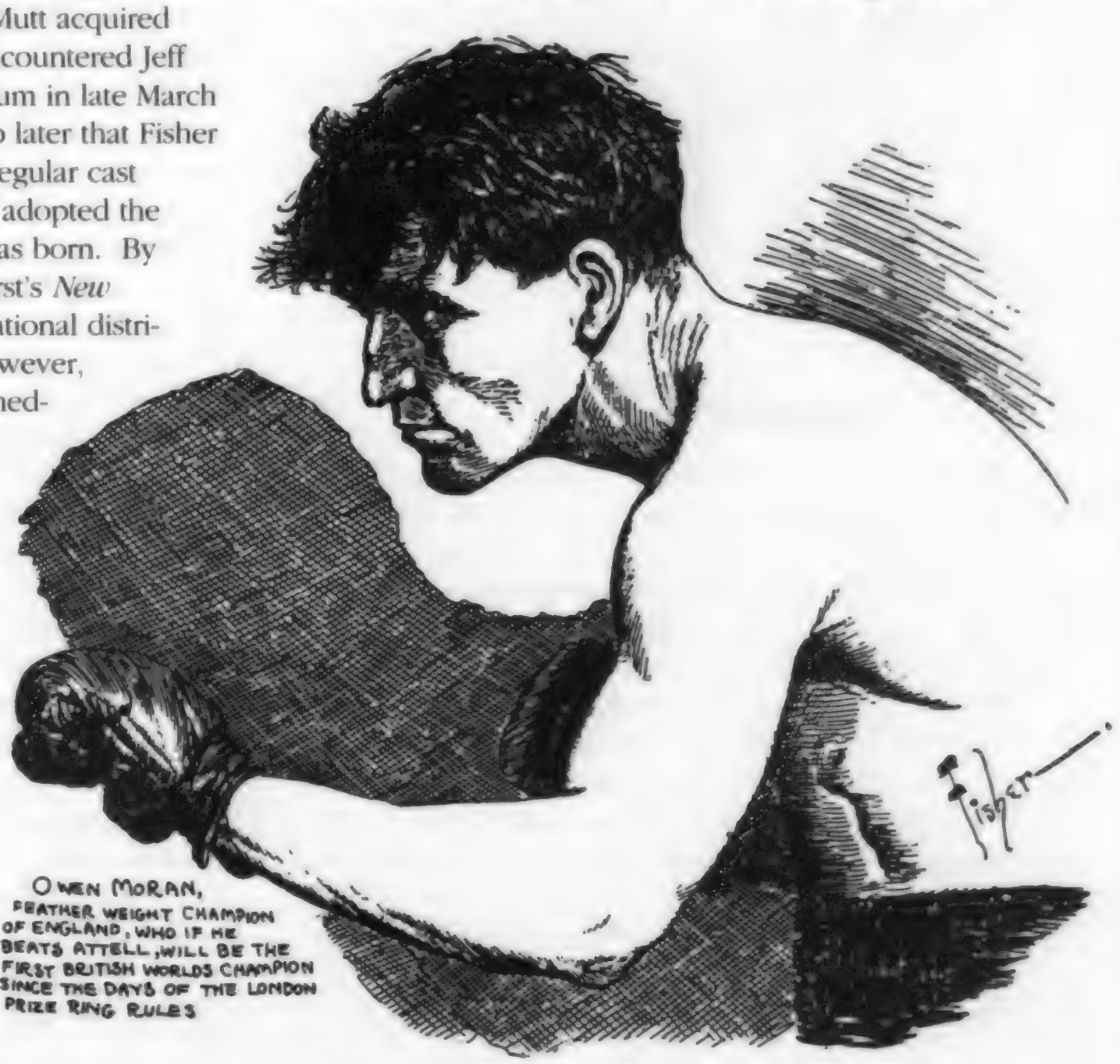
Fisher died in 1954 at the age of seventy. His last years were desolate and lonely. He was sick and solitary in a huge museum of a Park Avenue apartment. Fisher had purchased rooms from historic European houses and had them dismantled and installed in his apartment. There was an English manor room of the Elizabethan period and a French Provincial room. Another room was Oriental, a trove of Chinese treasures. Fisher spent his last days amid this splendor but probably not enjoying it much. Towards the end, he seldom left his bedroom where he slept on a bare mattress and pillows without cases, while the rest of his abode slipped into shabby decay, its hallways lined with stacks of unopened envelopes from his bank. He had few visitors: his treatment of his fellow cartoonists had been so high-handed for so long that none except Rube Goldberg and Bob Dunn would have anything to do with the man who had established the format of the medium in which they worked. Occasionally young aspiring cartoonists would visit, and Fisher, desperate for company, would keep them entertained for hours with stories of his travels in European society and his dockside welcoming parties. Like Miss Havisham, Fisher died amid the faded remnants of a once opulent lifestyle as cartooning's first millionaire.[21]

The strip that made Fisher a wealthy celebrity graduated from pedestrian race-track touting to classic comedy when the tall and gangling Mutt acquired his diminutive side-kick: Mutt had encountered Jeff among the inmates of an insane asylum in late March 1908, but it was not until a year or so later that Fisher brought Jeff back into the strip as a regular cast member. The skinny tall man sort of adopted the short fellow, and the historic team was born. By then, the strip was appearing in Hearst's *New York American*, well on its way to national distribution. Even before Jeff's arrival, however, Fisher had explored another of the medium's conventions—narrative that continues from one day to the next.

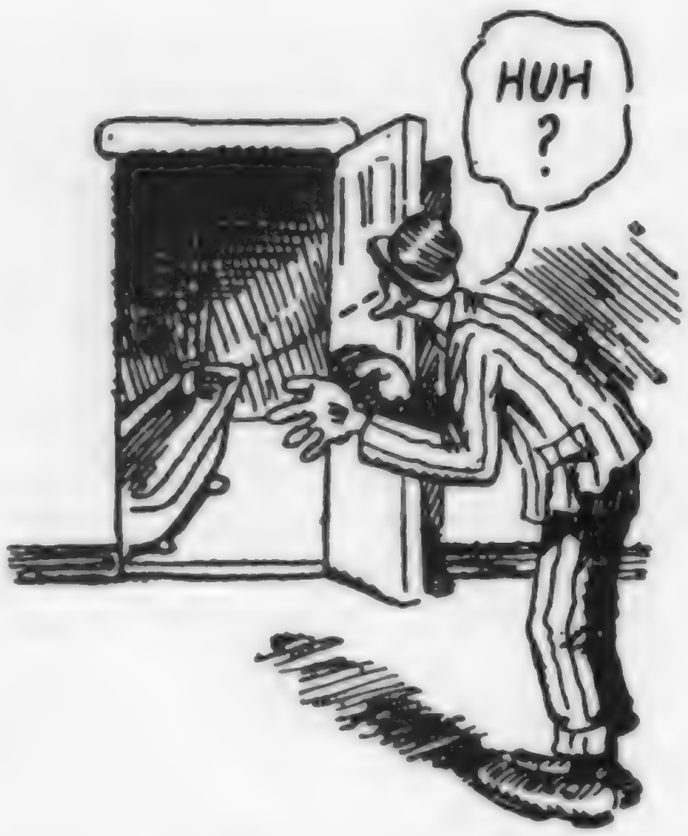
Fisher had recognized at once the potential of the daily comic strip for bringing readers back day after day after day. The central device of *A. Mutt* virtually forced the cartoonist into day-to-day continuity. Mutt places a bet one day; the outcome is reported the next day, and Mutt promptly places another bet. To learn whether Mutt won or lost, we must buy a paper every day. Here again, Fisher seems to be repeating Briggs' performance. But Fisher soon began to bait his hook with other lures.

In early January 1908, Fisher insinuated another storyline into the daily ritual. Mutt's wife divorces him, and Mutt begins paying court to another woman. Even in the throes of courtship, however, the plunger makes his daily dash to the betting window. Despite his addiction, he wins the lady's hand—only to lose her once and for all when he deserts her at the altar in order to place a wager on a horse named Lazell running in the Third Race that day. Subsequently, his wife takes him back, telling him that the divorce had been faked, a tactic she cooked up with a judge to jolt Mutt into dependable domesticity. The scheme, clearly, did not work. They resume their marriage, Mutt as devoted to the track as ever.

Obviously, Fisher's strip was aimed over the heads of children at adult readership. Wagering is an adult diversion. And the strip appeared on the sports pages of the paper, a section reflecting adult preoccupations. So obvious is the strip's appeal to adults that no one to my knowledge has remarked much upon it. Comics historian Bill Blackbeard mentions this fact but makes little of it.[22] But Fisher's courting of adult


OWEN MORAN,
FEATHER WEIGHT CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, WHO IF HE BEATS ATTELL, WILL BE THE FIRST BRITISH WORLDS CHAMPION SINCE THE DAYS OF THE LONDON PRIZE RING RULES
Fisher

Another example of Fisher's drawing ability, this one done in the summer of 1908, contemporaneous with A. Mutt.



As a general rule, Fisher ignored matters of perspective (note the bathtub in the top panel) and proportion in the strip (lower panel–Mutt's legs get longer when he runs), perhaps deliberately perpetrating a crude style of drawing.

readers is worth emphasizing because it contradicts the traditional belief that comics are for children. It is quite accurate to say that the Sunday funnies were conceived at least in part as entertainment for children. Not Fisher's strip. At first, he did seven strips a week, one for Sunday and six for the weekdays. But the Sunday strip ran in black-and-white on the sports page, not in the colored comics section. Fisher knew his audience. In deliberately appealing to adult readership, he once again set the pace for the medium. Although in the popular mind, the funnies still remain "kid stuff," they never were directed at youngsters in the daily format: from the very beginning, cartoonists wrote and drew their weekday comic "strips" for adults.

In yet another way, Fisher may have shaped the medium. This time, less commendably. There is ample evidence to indicate that Fisher deliberately assumed a rudimentary drawing style for rendering the adventures of Augustus Mutt. As Blackbeard observes in his introduction to the Hyperion Press volume reprinting the strip's first year, Fisher's other cartoons for the *Chronicle* (some drawn before he started *A. Mutt*; some after) display a drawing ability that, while not spectacular, is nonetheless accomplished, certainly better than merely adequate.[23] In fact, some of the pen portraits of Mutt that the strip's continuity occasioned in 1908 show a command of the nuances of cross-hatching and shading that is a cut above the skill otherwise revealed in the strip. Fisher apparently believed that cartoons of the sort he was inventing with *A. Mutt* should be drawn in a crude almost clumsy manner. I am not referring to Mutt's heron-like appearance—his beaky, chinless visage and tall rangy build or his raw-boned, loose-limbed all-elbows-and-knees mode of locomotion—but rather to basic anatomy and such other artistic fundamentals as simple perspective. In giving his protagonist human dimension, Fisher was apt to change Mutt's proportions from one panel to the next: when he bent his arms and legs, they got longer. The characters very often looked as if they did not quite fit the surroundings Fisher gave them: chairs and doorways were too small, and various furnishings tilted wildly to conform to Fisher's idiosyncratic understanding of perspective.

To the extent that *A. Mutt* provided a model for others to emulate—and as the first successful daily strip, its influence must have been considerable—Fisher demonstrated the way a comic strip should be drawn: crudely. His influence in this regard was not, fortunately, pervasive. Cartoonists like Winsor McCay who had a towering talent drew in the way their talent dictated and produced art works of great beauty. Even artists with less skill were driven mostly by their gifts, and, drawing as well as they could, they created reasonably accomplished pictures. But Fisher had opened a door, and through that door, many less talented artists could now pass. More significantly, Fisher, perhaps unwittingly, gave the reading public the impression that comic strips should be ineptly rendered. It was an image the medium would carry for years.

Regardless of how popular comic strips became (and they were very popular indeed from the very beginning), for much of their early history, comic strips were seen as sensational, amateurishly drawn appeals to the baser instincts of newspaper readers. Their sensation mongering reputation was doubtless derived from the role they played in the circulation

battles fought in New York between Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer in the 1890s. The first really popular comics character, Richard Outcault's Yellow Kid, played such a prominent part in the newsstand warfare that he gave his name to the unscrupulous practices both publishers pursued—yellow journalism. Outcault's feature was at least well-drawn: Outcault was more illustrator than cartoonist. Other comic strip artists of the time were less gifted. By aping their crude mannerisms in drawing a feature that became a pace-setter for the medium, Fisher must surely bear some of the responsibility for the comics being branded as an amateurish artform.

Whatever Fisher's impact upon comic strip graphics and upon the public perception of the artistic merit of comic strips, it is clear that when Fisher launched *A. Mutt*, he deployed virtually all of the medium's conventions from almost the very first. "Strip" format, narrative continuity, adult appeal—and these elements were not the last of Fisher's explorations. He continued to play with the medium, and over the next two years, he pioneered many facets of the form that others would take up again in later years.

For the first two months of his new strip's run, Fisher repeated essentially the same gag every day, seven days a week. The punchline was Mutt's daily bet, and the last panel in every strip showed Mutt dashing up to the betting window, knees and elbows a-flap with the exertion of his desperate haste, a few dollars clenched in his fist. Fisher varied the daily drill in one of two ways: Mutt's predicament on one day might be determining which horse to bet on; on another day, his dilemma might be how to acquire enough money to place a bet.

Mutt often overhears a phrase in the discourse of passers-by and, taking the phrase as some sort of omen, he bets on a horse whose name he hears in that conversational fragment. Mutt's compulsion is overpowering. He can be diverted from any endeavor by chancing upon a phrase or a word that suggests which pony to play that day. He jumps in the bay to rescue a woman from drowning, and when she drops a word of gratitude, Mutt abandons her to her fate in order to get to the track in time to bet on "Thanks Be." He has a heart attack as a result of some betting misfortune, but on his sick bed, he hears his doctor recommend rest and "sea air," so he leaps out the hospital window to place a bet on "Sea Air" to win. He even arises from the dead to get to the track. Stricken by "apoplexy," Mutt dies and is buried. In the grave, he overhears the grave diggers discussing that day's races, and when they mention Pullman as a sure thing, Mutt bursts out of the earth and makes his customary last-panel sprint to the betting window.

To get money to bet, Mutt finds employment as a policeman, the first of many miscellaneous jobs he will hold over the years. But he cannot keep the job: he runs off to the track every time he hears the name of a horse. Eventually, he steals from Cicero's piggy bank, sells the family parrot, hocks the bathtub and, ultimately, the clothes off his back.

The comedy in these early strips arises entirely from Mutt's run of bad luck and his overwhelming obsession. But Mutt doesn't always lose. Because Fisher was picking the names of real horses that ran in real races, Mutt sometimes wins. And when he does, Fisher keeps track of the size of Mutt's bankroll, recording its dwindling (or increasing) amount in the last panel of each daily installment. Fortunately for the strip's comedy, Mutt loses more often than he wins, so he never has a stake large enough to quell for long the general feeling of frantic desperation that seems to animate him. Then on a fateful day in early February 1908, the "great plunger," as usual in need of cash, steals money from a pay phone. This development started Fisher on a fresh course for his strip—and, as before, he ventured on to new ground for the medium.

For a week or so, Mutt remains a fugitive from justice. He eludes the police, but he still makes his daily dash to the track to place a bet. Caught at last, he is brought to trial, and Fisher stretched the proceedings out for the next six weeks. Mutt still makes a wager in the last panel on most days, but the real interest in the strip is generated by the trial. To the natural suspense that a trial might create, Fisher added a titillating device: the prosecuting attorney and the various minions of the law surrounding him are devised to remind readers of several local politicians who were recently implicated in a case of corruption in the city government of San Francisco. The references by which Fisher jogged the memories of his readers are obscure today; but in the winter of 1908, they were doubtless clanging alarm bells in the minds of those who read the strip. And Fisher rang the bells every day, day after day, mentioning "$30,000," "curl papers" (which someone used to curl his moustache), and one dignitary's "goat" (which Fisher "got"). As political satire, this sort of thing was pretty thin. But as outright ridicule, heavy-handed though it was, it probably delighted Fisher's readers: the barely veiled references amounted to name-calling in public, a sensationalized novelty for the embryonic comic strip form (even if the same techniques were common practice in the news columns of many newspapers of the day).

Our concern at the moment, however, is with the manner Fisher chose for presenting his daily jabs. He toyed with the incipient form, capitalizing upon its

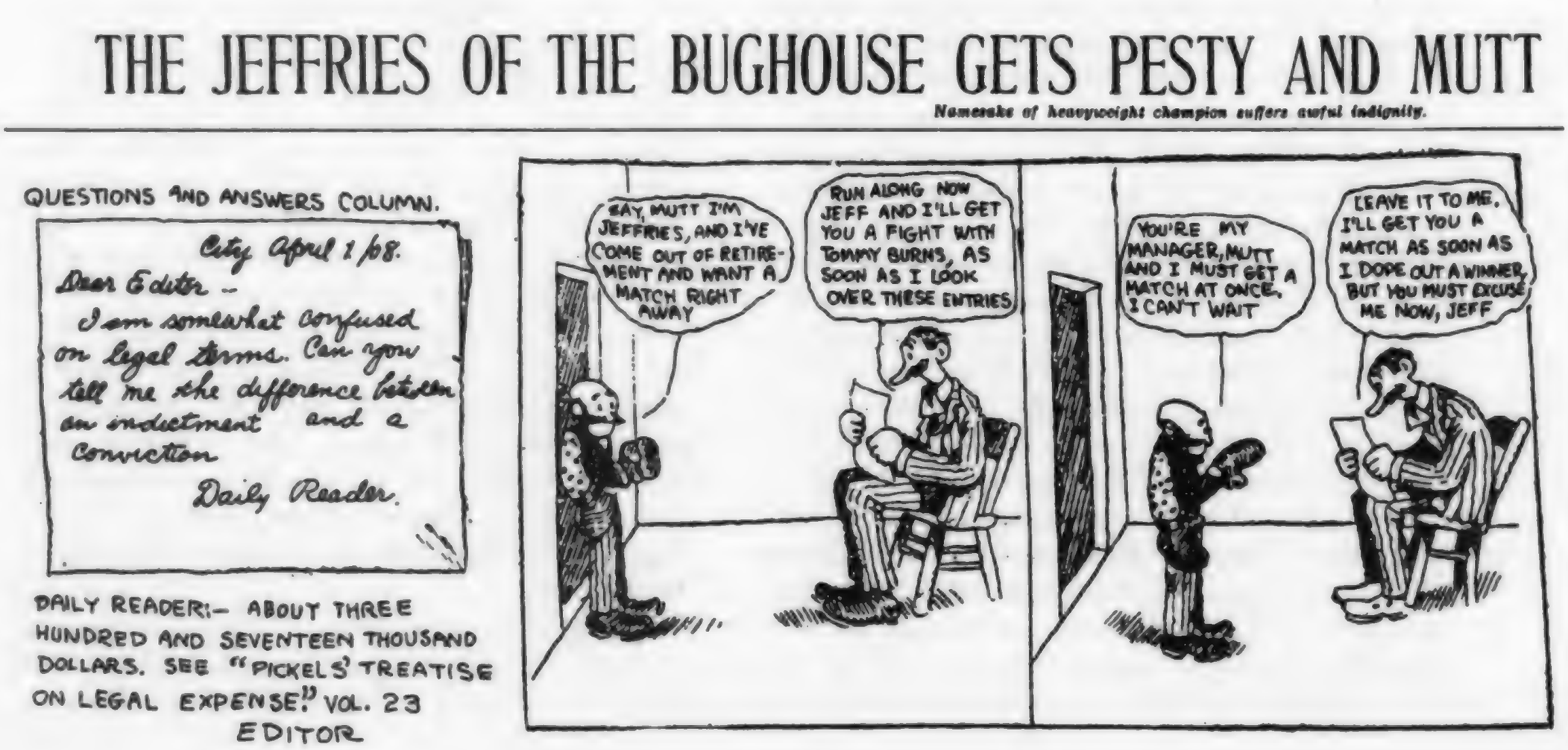
One of the most historic moments in comic strip history, Mutt's first meeting with Jeff among the other inmates of the local insane asylum (the top strip, a portion of the installment for March 27, 1908; the other portion dealt with the courtroom personalities at Mutt's trial). It was not until April 2 (the bottom strip) that Fisher clarified Jeff's delusion—the little man's identification with the heavyweight champion; and the clarification was made mostly in the typeset overline above the panels.

DELIGHTED
WELL, IF IT AINT MY OLD FRIEND MUTT. I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ME, I'M KING LOUIS XIX.
HELLO! MUTT. REMEMBER ME AT BULL RUN? I'M GENERAL DELIVERY
I CAN TELL I'M GONNA LIKE ALL THE BOYS RIGHT NOW
YES, I'M NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
HOW ARE THEY STACKIN' UP, NAP?

daily recurrence and the medium in which it appeared. He converted his strip from a narrative of sequential visuals to a miniature newspaper. Each daily installment featured a succession of "newspaper photos" of the principals with accompanying captions as Fisher reported the daily developments in the Mutt Case. The strip assumed a new "voice"—the voice of the front-page headlines of a daily newspaper. Fisher would use the device again later in the year; and the technique would be refined twenty years later by Roy Crane in *Wash Tubbs*.

The trial is of interest today for yet another reason: it brought us to the immortal Jeff. Mutt is found guilty, of course (he *was* guilty, after all), but he is released after serving only a couple days because of suggestions of malfeasance among the officers of the court. (The constant references to the corruption of the real city government thus opened the way for Fisher to free his protagonist.) But Mutt's sanity was brought into question during the trial, and as soon as he is released from jail, he finds himself committed to a local insane asylum. (Fisher skimps on the reasons for this development; and so, therefore, must we.) In the "bughouse," Mutt meets such historic personages as Shakespeare, George Washington, the Czar of Russia, and assorted millionaires, poets, kings, and captains of industry. Among these deluded souls is a short bald fellow with muttonchop whiskers who believes he is James Jeffries, the heavyweight boxing champion of contemporary notoriety (particularly on the sports pages where *A. Mutt* appeared). Little Jeff at last has arrived, wandering on stage March 27, 1908.[24]

Jeff (called Jeffries for many of his earliest appearances) is the bughouse fall guy. The other inmates are always playing tricks on the poor boob,


THE JEFFRIES OF THE BUGHOUSE GETS PESTY AND MUTT
Namesake of heavyweight champion suffers awful indignity.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS COLUMN.
City April 1/08.
Dear Editor –
I am somewhat confused on legal terms. Can you tell me the difference betwen an indictment and a conviction
Daily Reader.
DAILY READER:– ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. SEE "PICKELS' TREATISE ON LEGAL EXPENSE!" VOL. 23
EDITOR
SAY, MUTT I'M JEFFRIES, AND I'VE COME OUT OF RETIREMENT AND WANT A MATCH RIGHT AWAY
RUN ALONG NOW JEFF AND I'LL GET YOU A FIGHT WITH TOMMY BURNS, AS SOON AS I LOOK OVER THESE ENTRIES
YOU'RE MY MANAGER, MUTT AND I MUST GET A MATCH AT ONCE, I CAN'T WAIT
LEAVE IT TO ME. I'LL GET YOU A MATCH AS SOON AS I DOPE OUT A WINNER, BUT YOU MUST EXCUSE ME NOW, JEFF

SAY, JEFFRIES IS THERE A BOOKMAKER IN THE JOINT ?
SURE, SCHREIDER IS IN THE NEXT STALL
WHAT'S THE PRICE ON HEATHER SCOT FOR 100 BUCKS
TEN THOUSAND TO ONE, KID
OLD MUTT IS IN THE BOOBY HATCH. HE GOT A GREAT WELCOME FROM THE BOOBS, AND SAYS THAT HE IS STRONG FOR THEM. HE CAN GET ANY ODDS HE WANTS IN THE DAFFY HOUSE. THE LIBERAL PRICE OF 10,000 TO 1 WAS SLIPPED HIM TO-DAY ON HEATHER SCOT BY A BUG WHO THINKS HE IS BARNEY SCHREIBER
FISHER

but he does not seem to mind. As Fisher put it in one of the strips, "What's the diff? He's just as happy as if he had good sense."

Jeff did not immediately become Mutt's ever-present side-kick and comic factotum. He was, rather, just another member of the strip's growing cast. When Mutt is released from the asylum, Jeff occasionally visits the plunger—usually in the company of "General Delivery," another of the inmates. Through most of April and May, however, Fisher resumed his ridiculing of the city's corrupt politicians, using the same "newspaper format" approach as he had used during Mutt's trial. For a time, the strip ceased to be a "strip"—a narrative sequence of drawings—becoming instead a series of daily tableaux that poked fun at the foibles of local politicians.

When the 1908 Presidential campaign began heating up that summer, Mutt was again linked with Jeff. Mutt is the Bughouse Party nominee for President, and Jeff is the other half of the ticket. This may be the first time a comic character ran for the U.S. Presidency (and Mutt and Jeff will do it again several times), but Fisher did not much exploit this rich vein of material. In fact, he uses the campaign as an excuse to reprise his now-familiar needling of San Francisco politicos. He must have enjoyed this sort of thing a great deal, and he probably was encouraged by public reception of the maneuver, but the constant chorus of the same material (\$30,000, curl papers, the goat) makes dull reading in later years.

On Election Day in November, Jeff returns to the strip (as does Mutt). Jeff makes periodic re-appearances over the next year, eventually proving himself the ideal foil for Mutt. By 1910, Jeff is a regular cast member, appearing frequently. Toward the end of the year, he has become virtually indispensable to the strip—so much a part of Fisher's enterprise that when a booklet reprinting a selection of 1910 strips was published that year, the booklet was called *The Mutt and Jeff Cartoons*. This is the first pairing of the duo's names in print. The strip itself did not assume its historic title formally until September 15, 1916, after Fisher had joined Wheeler's syndicate.[25]

Fisher had widened the scope of his strip's focus very early in its history, as we have seen, by turning from horse-playing to politics (from one kind of horse-play to another, we might say). He did it deliberately: he aimed to broaden the appeal of the strip. And he continued to search for ways to make *Mutt and Jeff* interesting to the widest possible readership. He saw that many entertainers achieved success by appealing to the special interests of a particular group. He reasoned that "if *Mutt and Jeff* appealed to *everyone*—high-brow, low-brow, man,

PUTS THE CRUSHER ON HIM

I CAN'T WAIT. I'M IN GREAT SHAPE RIGHT NOW, AND I MUST FIGHT AT ONCE.
NOW, JEFF, YOU MUST NOT INTERRUPT ME AGAIN. I'LL GET YOU A FIGHT AFTER DINNER.
NOW, LET ME SEE. FRED BENT LOOKS GOOD IN THE THIRD ETC.
BUT, MUTT, I MUST FIGHT
$20,000 ON FRED BENT TO WIN
FRED BENT 300 TO 1
50 TO 1
MUTT WON A COUPLE OF MILLION MORE IN BUGHOUSE MONEY, YESTERDAY. THE ODDS HE GETS IN THE DAFFY JOINT ARE SOMETHING FIERCE. IT'S NOTHING TO GET 100 TO 1 ON AN ODDS ON FAVORITE. TO BE SURE, YOU CAN'T BUY ANY MERRY WIDOW HATS WITH THIS KIND OF COIN, BUT WHAT DOES MUTT CARE? LOOK AT THE FUN HE'S HAVING.
FISHER

woman, and child—their value to me would be much greater."[26]

Although he subsequently determined that "the high-brow sense of humor does not differ much from the low-brow," he decided his other distinctions were valid. "So I worked out a scheme," he wrote in 1920, "which I have followed ever since. Mutt and Jeff do something one day that will tickle the women; the next day, the kids; the next day, I try to give the old man a laugh. If Mutt hits Jeff across the face with a fish, Father says, 'That isn't funny!' Mother sniffs and looks away without a grin. But the small boy yells. The next day, Mother gets the laugh. And finally, I squeeze a grin out of Father. After a while, it gets to be a habit."[27]

With the emergence of Little Jeff as Mutt's partner, the strip acquired the humane dimension that made it a classic: it ceased to be solely a daily chorus about crass money-grubbing and became a cautionary tale about the human condition. Mutt remained the scheming conniver that he had always been as a horse-player: his role in the strip was to come up with ways to make a buck. Jeff's seeming mental deficiency made him the perfect innocent, the ideal foil for Mutt the Materialist. And the strip's comedy soon took its vintage form with Mutt's avaricious aspirations perpetually frustrated by Jeff's benign and well-intentioned ignorance. Foiled by the little man's uncomprehending bumbling, Mutt often responds with classic vaudevillian exasperation: the strips' punchlines are frequently precisely that, punches. In the best slapstick tradition of the stage, Mutt lets his pesky partner have it in the face with a pie, a dead chicken, a brick, or whatever object he happens to have in his hand when he realizes the little fellow has scuttled yet another scheme with his literal-minded stupidity. Being beaned with a brick was a classic *Mutt and Jeff* finish long before George Herriman took the same device and turned it into poetry in his masterwork, *Krazy Kat*.

Often deploying gentle Jeff as his shill in a succession of careers and enterprises together, Mutt sometimes conceives plans that have the incidental effect of victimizing the little fellow. But we always root for Jeff: visually, the short guy is the underdog, and most American readers cheer for the underdog out of cultural habit. As usual, Fisher was perfectly aware of what he was doing:

"Mutt is a big, simple-minded boob who is always trying and always blundering," Fisher once said. "The great majority of people like Jeff much more than they do Mutt; but Mutt always has been my pal and friend. Mutt is trying, and making mistakes, just like the rest of us, and he is a rough worker at times. People like Jeff because he is smaller, and almost every person in the world is for the little guy against the big one."[28]

And Little Jeff in his innocence and kindliness justifies our faith. Regardless of Mutt's machinations, Jeff invariably winds up on top, unwittingly victorious over whatever traps or pitfalls may have lain in his path. So does the benevolent nature of humankind seem somehow to triumph eventually over its baser instincts in the long, long run. We laughed at them both, but we merely tolerated Mutt and his schemes; we loved little Jeff.

Fisher and his assistants were able to work endless variations on their simple theme. It wore well. The strip ran for over three-quarters of a century. *Cartoonist PROfiles* celebrated the strip's seventy-fifth anniversary with "Mutt and Jeff" in the December 1982 issue.[29] The strip ceased, however, in the spring of 1983. George Breisacher was the last cartoonist on the feature. He took over when Al Smith retired in late 1981; assisted by Jim Scancarelli, Breisacher gave the venerable strip a fresh look by using a brush and a bolder, more flexible line—all without sacrificing the essential somewhat primitive visual "feel" of the strip. And so even at the end, the strip had much of the same graphic character it had at the beginning, when it not only established the daily form of the medium but dabbled in daily continuity and political commentary as well. Bud Fisher was a better pioneer than our histories have heretofore acknowledged.

NOTES

1. The strip nonetheless continued to appear in the paper sporadically until its final publication on June 7, 1904. (See "American Comic Strips: A Chronological Listing," by Paul Leiffer and Hames Ware, *The Comics Buyer's Guide*, 27 April 1984, 20.) In recounting the episode in his autobiography, *King News* (Philadephia: F. A. Stokes, 1941, 381-385), Koenigsberg says only eighteen daily strips were prepared, a three-week run; and he implies that only those strips were published before the idea was abandoned because of Hearst's passion for decency and decorum in the pages of his papers. But Bill Blackbeard has reported that the strip can be found in the *Chicago American* at irregular intervals for several months after day-to-day publication ceased. (See "The Forgotten Years of George Herriman," *Nemo: The Classic Comics Library* 1(June 1983): 53.) On the basis of this fact, Blackbeard speculates that Koenigsberg's version of the history of *A. Piker Clerk* is "fanciful." Blackbeard says the idea died because it didn't stimulate sales of the newspaper at a sufficient rate. And it did not, he goes on, because Koenigsberg failed to print the strip every day in every one of the twelve editions of the *American*. Under the circumstances, regular readership was impossible because readers did not know which edition of the paper to buy for *Clerk*. Koenigsberg, however, is unequivocal in claiming the strip was a successful circulation-building device: "*A. Piker Clerk* scored an instantaneous hit," he asserts on page 384; "it was reflected in the *Chicago American's* circulation reports." Regardless of which version of the story is accurate, the crucial facts for my purpose are undisputed: *A. Piker Clerk* was the first daily comic strip, but it did not last.

2. Coulton Waugh, *The Comics* (New York: Macmillan, 1947), 28.

3. In his *Nemo* article on Herriman, Blackbeard maintains on page 54 that Fisher must have known about Briggs' strip. The internal evidence of Fisher's offering surely supports this contention, but there is no other basis for it than the similarities of the two strips (similarities that will become apparent herein). Blackbeard also says on page 52 that George Herriman knew about the Briggs experiment in Chicago, and since Herriman was on the staff of another Hearst paper, the *New York American*, in the spring of 1904, it is at least likely that he had seen exchange copies of other papers in the Hearst empire. It is certain that when Herriman came to Los Angeles and found work on Hearst's *Examiner*, he produced a two-week run of daily strips about a horse race gambler called *Mr. Proones the Plunger*. But it is not certain whether Herriman's inspiration was Briggs or Fisher: *Proones* started December 10, 1907, not quite a month after Fisher's strip debuted a few hundred miles to the north and just a day before Hearst's *Examiner* in San Francisco launched *A. Mutt* with the usual ballyhoo. Hearst had shanghaied Fisher away from the *Chronicle* by offering a higher salary. The publisher's desire to have Fisher's popular tout strip may well have prompted his editors in Los Angeles to urge Herriman to produce an imitation for local consumption.

4. Waugh gives the year as 1884 (*The Comics*, 28); but John Wheeler's article "A Captain of Comic Industry," *American Magazine* (n.d.; c. 1916): 49, says Fisher was born in 1885. (Wheeler's article is available to me only as an undated clipping; but from internal evidence, I have estimated its date of publication.)

5. William E. Berchtold, "Men of the Comics," *New Outlook*, April 1935: 39.

6. Bud Fisher, "Confession of a Cartoonist," *The Saturday Evening Post*, 28 July 1928, 10. This article was the first of four parts that ran in subsequent weekly issues of *The Saturday Evening Post*: August 4, August 11, and August 18.

7. Eric Partridge, *Slang: Today and Yesterday*, 3rd ed. (New York: Bonanza Books, n.d.), 450.

8. Fisher, "Confession of a Cartoonist," July 28, 10. Fisher explains how a horse's name can inspire a joke: "To illustrate, I remember that someone had beaten up Mutt in the preceding day's strip, and he was in the hospital in bad shape. There was a horse entered in the third race named Bright Skies, and I had Mutt looking out the hospital window at the well-known California sunshine. He saw the clear heavens and looked at the paper. 'Bright Skies,' he said. 'That's a hunch.' So he tore off his bandages, threw away his crutches, jumped through the hospital window, and swam across the bay to bet five dollars on Bright Skies."

9. John Wheeler, *I've Got News for You* (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1961), 145.

10. Bill Blackbeard, "The Man Who Made Millions," introduction to *A. Mutt* (Westport, Connecticut: Hyperion Press, 1977), ix; also noted in the introductory matter of *The Mutt and Jeff Cartoons* by Bud Fisher (1910; repr. Greenfield, WI: Arcadia Publications, 1987), n.p.

11. Fisher, "Confession of a Cartoonist," 113.

12. Fisher, "Confession of a Cartoonist," 11. Not content with the protection this single maneuver gave him, Fisher had the same copyright notice published with the first two strips that appeared in Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner* on December 11 and 12, 1907.

13. Wheeler, *I've Got News for You*, 139.

14. Blackbeard in the Hyperion Press book says it was Liverpool. But Wheeler, who was on intimate terms with Fisher all his life—even serving as executor of his will—says on page 141 of *I've Got News for You* that it was Ed Mack. Richard Marschall, writing the Al Smith entry in *The World Encyclopedia of Comics* (New York: Chelsea House, 1976), 625, says it was Mack from about 1920 on (and Liverpool and others prior to 1920). In any event, I assume Wheeler to be the most reliable of the sources and name Mack in subsequent references to the circumstance.

15. The details of Fisher's legal battles can be pieced together from Bill Blackbeard's Bud Fisher entry in *The World Encyclopedia of Comics* (page 508) and his comments in the introduction to the Hyperion Press book (page xi), from Wheeler's autobiography *I've Got News for You* (page 141), and from Fisher's own description in "Confession of a Cartoonist" (August 4, pages 110 and 113).

16. Stephen Becker, *Comic Art in America* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1959), 34.

17. Becker, *Comic Art in America*, 34.

18. Wheeler, *I've Got News for You*, 150-151.

19. Wheeler, *I've Got News for You*, 147.

20. Wheeler, *I've Got News for You*, 145.

21. Most of this paragraph is drawn from Bob Dunn's description of a visit he and Rube Goldberg made to Fisher in his last few months of life. See "Said and Dunn." Dunn's column in *Cartoonist PROfiles* 22 (June 1974): 60-61. Dunn's reminiscence is supplemented by Art Wood in *Great Cartoonists and Their Art* (Gretna, LA: Pelican Publishing, 1987) in which Wood gives on page 70 an account of his visit as a young man with Fisher.

22. Blackbeard, "The Man Who Made Millions," ix.

23. Blackbeard, "The Man Who Made Millions," vii. Incidentally, it is this volume, reprinting the first year of the strip, that makes possible the discussion and analysis of the article at hand. The convenience of such a publication for the researcher and critic is obvious but not acknowledged often enough.

24. Oddly, there has been some confusion about the actual date of Jeff's debut in the strip. In his introduction to the Hyperion Press volume, Blackbeard gives the date as March 27, but in the strip itself, during a special commemorative series drawn nearly five decades later (in the installment for January 10, 1952), Fisher (or his assistant at the time, Al Smith) says it was March 29. Blackbeard observes this discrepancy himself in "Mutt and Jeff's Family Album," *Nemo* 10 (December 1984), 46. The March 27 starting date is also given in the introductory matter of *The Mutt and Jeff Cartoons*; this material, however, appears to have been added to the original 1910 document by its 1987 editors. The strips of March 1908 as reprinted in the Hyperion Press volume are no help: they are not dated. Dating daily strips was a practice that did not begin until some years later. Moreover, for some reason, the strip in which Jeff first appears *is omitted from the Hyperion Press collection*. In fact, the book leaves out six strips from this critical period—those for March 24 through March 29. The strip in which Jeff makes his first appearance in the book (on page 50) was actually published April 1, 1908, five days after he was introduced to the readers of the *San Francisco Examiner*. To ascertain the actual date of Jeff's first meeting with Mutt, I viewed the microfilmmed *Examiner* for March 1908.

25. Blackbeard, "The Man Who Made Millions," xi.

26. Bud Fisher, "Seven Tips I have Picked Up on the Way," *American Magazine* May 1920, 20.

27. Fisher, "Seven Tips," 20.

28. Fisher, "Seven Tips," 20.

29. "Mutt and Jeff 75 Years!" *Cartoonist PROfiles* 56 (December 1982): 54-57.

View from the Back Stairs[1]

BY OLIVER HARRINGTON

"Doctor Jenkins, before you read us your paper on inter-stellar gravitational tensions in thermo-nuclear propulsion, would you sing us a good old spiritual?"

What I have in mind is sharing my well-seasoned thoughts about cartoons and, I suppose, life in general. In this America—mine as well as yours—are the most creatively inventive, technically developed and prolific cartoonists in the world today. At least that is my own unbiased opinion. Their mastery did not come about as a gift from heaven, or even from the benedictions of ranking politicians, though you may sometimes be given that impression. The truth of the matter is that this comes about as a result of certain time-proven natural laws which indicate that when human beings of many different cultures and experiences are joined together in one society, the result is a more creative and more productive society.

This is recognized, rather superficially I am afraid, when one talks about the great American melting pot. My own personal experiences have convinced me of this. I am an American, born in America, but completely rejected by this melting pot. Irish Americans, Greek Americans, German Americans, Lithuanian, Finnish and Polish Americans are part of the mix, but African Americans can forget about it.

Fortunately for my own mental health, I worked a kind of self-therapy while I tried to open the doors of countless art editors, where the words NO BLACKS ALLOWED were hanging. For about sixty years I have been locked out, black-balled, Jim Crowed, or whatever terminology is currently fashionable. All of the terms simply mean that the American cartoon industry shut its doors on me with a bang. It is a pity that I am not a baseball player. With statistics like that, I would certainly merit a few lines in the *Guinness Book of Records.*

I was born in a sneeze of a place called Valhalla in Westchester County, north of New York City. As far as I have been able to track down, the place got its name from a bunch of Prussian troops left stranded on the beach when their commander, the British general Lord Howe, scuffled to get his fleet out of narrow Long Island Sound before George Washington got there. When I arrived two centuries or so later, there was no trace left of paradise.

That was 1912, and near Valhalla a system of dams and reservoirs was being constructed. Most of the laborers were European immigrants who spoke little, if any, English. Since labor was scarce in those days, even African Americans were hired, among them my father.

Barracks-like tenements were thrown up as fast as the land plots were acquired by the state. Through some natural human process, ghettoes sort of formed themselves. The immigrant groups sought out their own. These groups separated themselves because of language differences. There was no friction because there was no communication. No friction meant no racism, but that came later.

My childhood impressions were of immense patches of dearly-loved woods. We were a bunch of exuberant kids who climbed what to us were mountains. We discovered huge caves, dark and mysterious. Caves with glistening sheer walls. With hearts beating like trip-hammers, we scaled the walls, holding each other up to get around the outcroppings, keeping a tight grip on the little ones. Some nights we sneaked out of the windows of our sleeping homes to meet in the caves, where we built fires. In the flickering light we told ghost stories, which often scared us into wetting our pants. Often we heard low growls of thunder overhead, rolling over the Hudson River Valley. Washington Irving must have heard the same thunder when he wrote his creepy, but beloved tales. I distinctly remember all of my little friends from our uniquely joined ghettoes, and, although I can *visualize* every tree and rock in that area, I cannot remember which among those little faces were white and which were not.

When I was about nine, my family moved a few miles south to what is now quakingly called the South Bronx. By this time our family had increased to one tiny girl and four boys, plus, of course, my two awfully hard-working parents. The South Bronx slum was, again, a unique ghetto. It was in fact several small ghettoes joined together, some even meeting each other on the same street. Our street, Brook Avenue, which naturally was all black, was shared only with the Sheffield Farms milk company stables, which were on the opposite side of the street. How we envied those sleek-coated horses in midwinter, in their warm stalls, with clouds of evaporating steam flowing out of the doors.

The local elementary school, P. S. 35, was not segregated and more than eighty percent of the kids came from immigrant families. In my sixth grade class there were only two African American kids, me and a strapping giant, Prince Anderson, who stood head and shoulders above the rest of us. According to the class grapevine, Prince came from someplace vaguely called Fluvana County, where there were no schools for black kids. Prince must have been dragged from his ideal situation when his parents came north. The school bureaucracy was obviously stumped with the situation, and so, they pushed him into the first open classroom door they saw, hoping that the good Lord would somehow straighten things out.

Our teacher was a Miss McCoy, a tall, pasty-faced vixen who seemed to have devoted all of her attention to her weird hair-do. I always felt oddly apprehensive in her presence, watchful and alert. Was this

the birth of intuition? I have heard it said in similar situations that it was probably paranoia. All I can say to that is—in the case of black folks—thank God for paranoia.

One bright morning Miss McCoy ordered us, the perpetually grinning Prince, and me, to the front of the class. Pausing for several seconds, she pointed her cheaply jewelled finger (with what I think she considered a very dramatic gesture) at the trash basket and said, "Never, never forget. These two belong in that trash basket!" The white kids giggled rather hesitantly and then fell out in peals of laughter. For those kids, it must have been their first trip on the racist drug.

I stumbled backward in shocked resentment, aware of the growing pain in my chest. Prince only grinned, but I noticed that his eyes had suddenly narrowed. It was several days before I managed to pull myself together. Gradually I felt an urge to draw little caricatures of Miss McCoy in the margins of my notebook: Miss McCoy being rammed into our local butcher's meat grinding apparatus; Miss McCoy being run over by the speeding engines on the nearby New York Central Railroad tracks. One, which I worked on all through arithmetic class, really grabbed me. It showed Miss McCoy disappearing between the jaws of a particularly enthusiastic tiger. I began to realize that each drawing lifted my wounded spirits a bit higher. I did little sketches of the people around me, not from life as I learned later to do in art class, but from memory. Miss McCoy never caught me at it, but I began to dream of becoming a cartoonist.

I remember the best time of year in the South Bronx was the autumn; October and early November when the ochre-tinted light faded. Streaks of etherial blue-grey mist swirled about our tenements, seeming to bring with them a tantalizing and ancient smell of wood smoke. I would light our kerosene lamp and lose myself in the books I had borrowed from the nearby public library. I know now that those books gave me wings. Those wings were giving me a hope which was to be life-saving. With them I was able to soar over those ghetto walls. It was after many soaring flights that I realized a deep truth: Walls—regardless of whether they are the walls of American-made black ghettoes or the almost forgotten walls of Auschwitz—imprison the bodies of people, but never their minds.

In my travels I have been almost blessed as a result of having met miraculous survivors of the Nazi death camps, those most scientifically developed examples of the ghetto-erecting mentality, with its ethnic final solutions. One of those survivors, who became a close friend, was the great Czech cartoonist Leo Haas. By the early 1940s he was a well-known cartoonist in Prague and he was also Jewish. In Auschwitz Leo owed his good fortune, if it can be called that, to the fact that the man selected by the Nazis to paint signs had just died of starvation. An hour after he arrived at Auschwitz, Leo was pulled out of the line headed for the gas chamber and told that he was now a sign painter. He managed to survive for two years before the camp was liberated. It was then discovered that Leo, under the very eyes of the supposedly super-efficient master race, had managed to sketch (between signs, of course) the most damning evidence of the Nazi horrors visited upon the *Untermensch*, the scientific Nazi word for so-called inferior races.

Let me tell you now how cunningly insidious these inhuman theories can be. I myself, an African American public school pupil living in the South Bronx slum ghetto of the largest city of America, New York City, had been infected with the deadly virus of racism without realizing it.

When I was ten or eleven years old, I began putting out a newspaper. It was not a real newspaper, but it looked like one. It was painstakingly printed by hand, divided into six columns with small drawings representing news photos. The paper had eight pages with headlines on the front page and it hit the streets, or perhaps I should say that it hit the eager eyes of my schoolmates, once a month.

In one column I wrote about Jewtown, the usual term used to describe a certain part of the Bronx community. A few days after it appeared, one of my teachers, a Mrs. Linskey, asked me to stay for a few minutes after school. That was, I still think, the most significant day of my life. Mrs. Linsky fixed her gentle dark eyes upon mine, and this shook me up because I saw affection and interest, sincere interest. She explained the evil purpose lurking behind terms like Jewtown and Niggertown. I made the association quickly. My mother was Jewish, a Hungarian from Budapest. I felt dizzy, as dizzy as I had been when a hard-hit baseball had taken a bad hop one day so that instead of landing in my frayed first baseman's mit, the ball landed just above my right eye. I could say nothing for a few moments. When I started to say something, she gently put her fingers on my lips. "You see, Oliver," she said, "people often say things without thinking. In this way they harm other people without meaning to harm them and one day that becomes a habit." After that day we talked about many things until one day I shyly showed her some of my drawings. She stared at them for a long time. Then she leaned forward in her chair, placing one hand softly on my shoulder. "Oliver," she said, "they are so very good, your drawings. Never believe anyone who says they are not." But there was such a

sadness in her eyes as she spoke.

Of all the people on Brook Avenue, our postman was the most fascinating. I must have made a hundred sketches of him. Watching him I became aware that he had a deep perception about what people needed more than the letters and bills in his mailbag. He would lift folks up with a wildly funny joke or the latest spicy but harmless gossip. The meanest, hard-cussingist old malcontents who hung out in the corner pool parlor rushed to the door, smiling with

REMEMBER YOUR WAITER IS HUMAN TOO IF YOU TREATS HIM LIKE A DOG HE WILL BE FORCED TO RETURN SAME
ONLY THE FINEST STUFF IS COOKED UP IN OUR DISHES
TELEPHONE
MENU
OLLIE HARRINGTON

"Brother Bootsie sir, the news broadcast just said that Brother 'No-Mercy' Brown excaped from the penitentiary tonight. So the manager just sent over the bill, thinkin' that you and Mrs. Brown might prefer to clear the premises . . . *before* your coffee!"

out-stretched hands, when the postman walked by with a good word for each of them.

Every Saturday night a rent party was held in the flat of some family chosen by their neighbors. The idea was to help them get the month's rent together. Admission to these parties was half a buck. Once you got past the no-nonsense-looking sister who collected the entrance fee, you found yourself in the front room faced with a mass of card tables, the kind with folding legs, loaded with steaming platters of trotters (better known as pig's feet), hog maws and chitterlings, and succulent pig ears. Paper plates became buried under these delights which also cost half a buck. On each table stood a bowl of hellish hot sauce which was free, but taken at your own risk. In the next room, usually the bedroom, where an innocent-looking grandfather-type sat on the bed, you could buy a glass of guaranteed made-on-the-premises gin for two bits. Huge jugs of the stuff were stashed under the bed near the old gentleman's slippered feet.

Once past this rocket-fueling station, the happy revelers sort of sailed into the room where the action was underway, and there at the piano was—always—the postman. What he did with that piano, an upright, was, in the words of one lady which I can still remember, sinfully delightful. He did have a little help: Placed on top of the piano within easy reach was a jar kept filled to the brim with the same bathtub gin, but for him it was free.

We kids of the neighborhood in our creaking beds listened to the sounds of irrepressible joy at simply being alive and warm and loving. Sadly though, once in a while, this mood changed abruptly. Some innocent misunderstanding would occasionally cause an explosion of emotions, followed by shreiks from the offended, shattering window panes, smashing borrowed furniture, and more shreiks when the happily alert cops stampeded in. Perhaps it was an unconscious respect in the presence of great art, but no one ever laid a hand on the piano-thumping postman.

But he had a problem. Her name was Ethel. No matter how diligently the local root people applied their divining skills in uncovering the nature of his problem, they never had a clue. It must have been a whopper, though, because one fine day our postman split and no one knew what had happened. But not for very long, because ghettoes seem to have a great attraction for bad news. Rumors that the piano-thumping postman was cooped up in alimony jail were being whispered all along Brook Avenue. As a matter of fact, the good Reverend Pasley, who was also the local barber, bricklayer and undertaker, preached a sermon about it in his basement barber-shop-church.

I need to explain about alimony jail, although it must seem unbelievable these days. Alimony jail was the annex to the very aptly named Tombs Prison in downtown New York City. In alimony jail reclined all of those otherwise upright citizens who had either neglected or simply failed to pay their monthly alimony payments. The rough part was that these people were held until they were all paid up, including the amount which had piled up while they were cooped up. As a result of this bureaucratic louse-up, there were a number of poor bastards who were being held for the rest of their lives. This was the very real prospect facing the former Brook Avenue favorite. Here is where the unbeatable spirit of a thousand Brook Avenues reveals itself.

Finding the peace and tranquility of alimony jail a bit nerve-wracking and undoubtedly with Ethel in mind, the postman began composing songs and lyrics. One of them was called "My Fate Is in Your Hands." I have forgotten the details of how it all came about, but that song became the jazz hit of the year. It earned enough to spring the new-born song writer from alimony jail, for a while at least. But the music business being what it is, and the new songwriter

"Bootsie, tell me again how lucky I am to have a boy friend like you . . . an' brother, *you better convince me!*"

being black, the predictable result was that in a few short months, the cash had run out, the alimony due had run up, and again our postman was run in. Then he came up with another hit. It was called "Your Feet's Too Big." That hit was part of a cycle of in again, out again, and eventually, out for good. You may have guessed by now that the Brook Avenue rent party mailman was Fats Waller.

To me that tale is simply another legend like those legends which lifted my boyhood mind high over ghetto walls. Fats Waller would put down his mailbag and exchange tales with my father. Some of them were not true, but that did not matter. These stories created a reality that did not exist outside the ghetto. This spirit is needed in America more and more every day. It can be summed up in the snickered-at word brotherhood. Throughout the world in which I have wandered—Europe, Mongolia, the Carribean, Scandinavia and Siberia—a world filled with death squads and murderous so-called security forces, I have realized that countless disk jockies worldwide try, perhaps unconsciously, to keep despair at bay by filling the ether with Fats Waller's music.

The magic I am talking about lives within the walls of America's ghettos, but those walls must come down so that this remarkable energy can be released into the now sluggish and polluted melting pot. Make no mistake about it. This would be no great humanitarian act. It would be an act to salvage the dreams of Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln—or of Martin Luther King, Jr.

I graduated from high school in 1929. People in New York streets and busses whispered about how awful things were. Back in the South Bronx we whispered about how times were as they always had been in our ghetto. For more than a year after graduation, I read endlessly and continued with my drawings of what went on about me. We ignored the hunger as we always had. I was restless and I began to read about art schools. For one thing, my leaving home would mean a bit more food on my family's table. The decision was not easy. The fact was that I was scared as hell. I walked a bunch of miles to where a black person might find a place to lay his head. That meant the next ghetto: Harlem.

In those days, Harlem was the most dazzling place imaginable. I found a room at the Harlem Y.M.C.A. for two dollars a week. I began working at an employment agency, doing tiny drawings on mimeograph sheets, informing Harlemites of the wonderful oppportunities in store for them in second-hand, green metal filing cabinets in the the cubby-holes of the agency's cellar. I met types of people I had known nothing about. They did not exist on Brook Avenue. There was an optimism which was unbelievable. It was at the end of a period called the Harlem Renaissance.

I earned extra money ($8 per game) playing on a semi-pro baseball team where I got to be a star slugger, but not because of any innate ability. The team was owned by a gangster called Bumpy Johnson. He and his friends always sat in the bleacher behind the batter. I dared not strike out. In addition to hitting the ball, every two weeks, I had to have a bag filled with clothes—soiled or clean—because Bumpy also owned a laundry.

There were great dangers in Harlem and I was not prepared for what I saw. I had never had a drink on Brook Avenue. Langston Hughes told me that I did not have to drink the stuff if I did not want it. He suggested ginger ale. I never became a great drinker because of my memories of ghetto drunks.

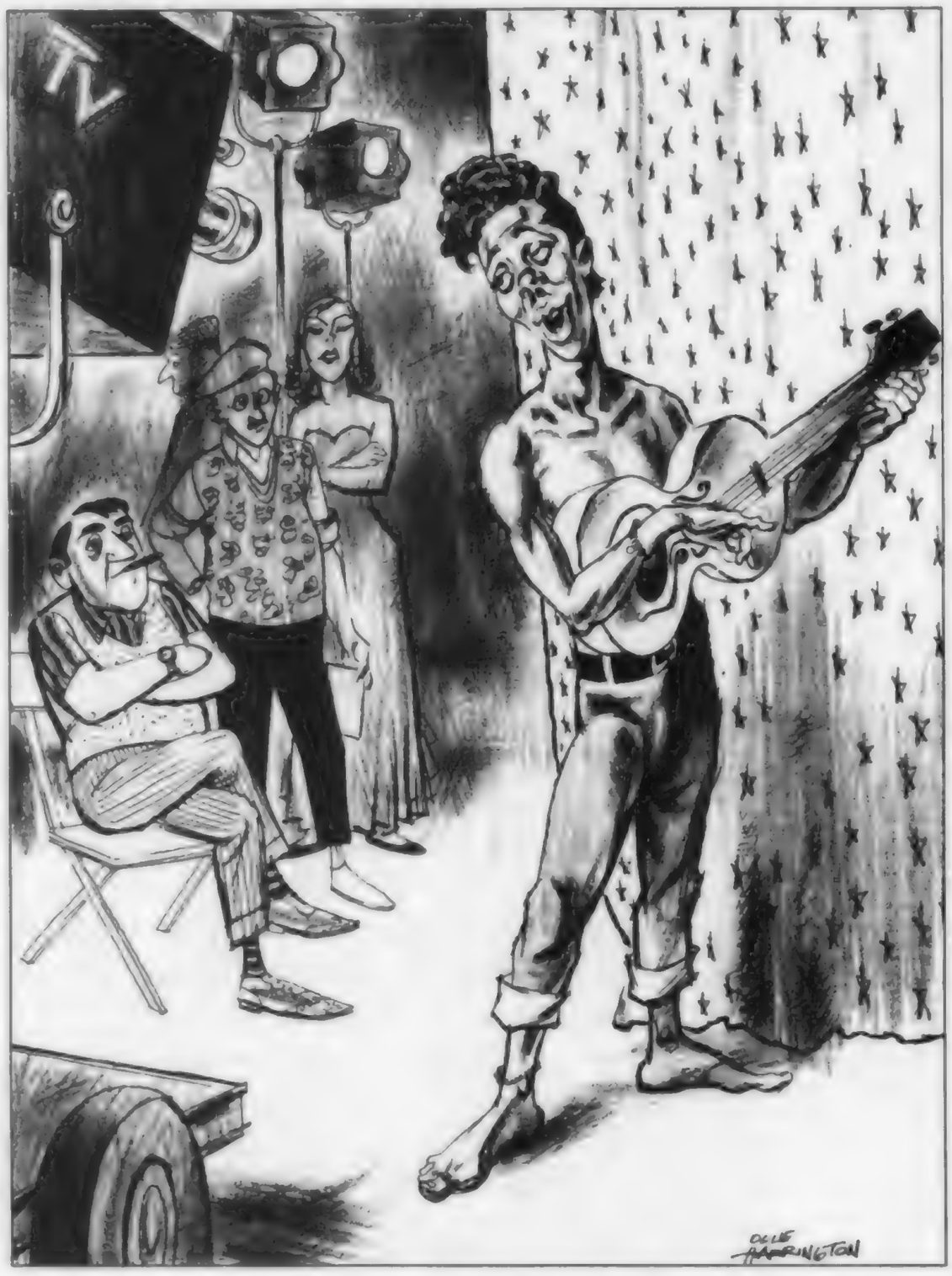
Langston Hughes was one of my father figures, a wonderful and protective man. He explained some of his ideas about why ghetto people laugh so much, why Prince Anderson in that school grinned all the time. He said it was laughing to keep from crying. It still is, and it creates a vibrant form of humor—intangible, mythlike, and oddly stimulating.

I walked to the National Academy of Design every day to study under drawing people like Kroll, a leading painter, and Hinton, a leading draftsman. In order to stay in the Academy, I really had to work. I loved what I was doing. It was very academic with drawing from casts. This training was most valuable, and it is never absent from any of my work.

I discovered the Harlem poetry of Claude McKay and the novels of Bud Fisher and Langston Hughes. These writers were not then widely recognized because they were black. There were also moments when I began to wonder how I could express the horror I saw. This is when I began doing the *Bootsie* cartoons. They were cartoons of the life around me. I did not have to think up gags. The gags thought themselves up for me. I just had to go into a gin mill, sit on a stool, and I had a hundred gags in half an hour.

There were tragedies, too. I moved to the eleventh floor of the Y.M.C.A. where the "regulars" lived. One of the other roomers was a man who often came to my tiny room to talk about science. His name was Charlie Drew, a doctor who worked at one of the foundations in New York. He was obsessed with the wonders of nature. Black truck drivers and fishermen, other regulars who lived at the Y, would listen in awe as Charlie talked about outer space or creatures to be discovered in the oceans.

In his laboratory, Charlie was doing experimental work on developing blood plasma from whole blood.



"Body all achin' and wracked with pain . . .
Tote that barge, lift that bale . . ."

He made fantastic advances which were not known by very many people in the United States—or any place else, for that matter. But Winston Churchill knew about them. Churchill sent the British embassy in New York City instructions and they telephoned the eleventh floor of the black Y.M.C.A. and asked Charlie Drew to come to the embassy. Charlie was, of course, skeptical about the invitation. I was a great practical joker and he naturally thought I had made the call. He contacted the embassy and they confirmed the invitatiton. Charlie went and was received by the ambassador. They flew him to London to help save the lives of people wounded at Dunkirk. After he returned to the U.S., his draft board heard of his fame and sent him to the Navy recruiting office in Washington. When he appeared, he was told that an error had been made and he should not have been invited to Washington. The experience made him so bitter that he swore that he would never speak to another white person. Years later he was invited to speak at a medical conference of African American doctors in Alabama. Because he did not want to have to deal with white people on the train, he drove his own car. It crashed during the night and Dr. Charles Drew died.

This story is a demonstration of the cost of racism. Such racism is destroying Europe now. Can we afford it? Do we know it must end? This is the only reason I continue to draw my cartoons: it is for me and for you—but mostly it is for our children.

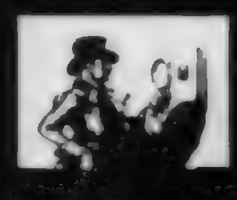
1. EDITOR'S NOTE: This essay is adapted from a presentation by Oliver Harrington at The Ohio State University's 1992 Festival of Cartoon Art. The life of this extraordinary cartoonist has been remarkable in many ways: he was forced to abandon his homeland because of racism; he was isolated by the Cold War; and he has fought injustice with his art for more than sixty years.

Harrington describes his early life in this essay. In addition to his studies at the National Academy of Design, he graduated from Yale in 1939 with a bachelor of fine arts degree. His panel cartoon *Bootsie*, which chronicles the life of an ordinary man living in Harlem, began in 1933. Political and social commentary were integral to this feature from its beginning, and *Bootsie* eventually appeared to a wide readership in the *Amsterdam News*, the *Baltimore African American* and the *Pittsburgh Courier*. During World War II Harrington served as a war correspondent for the *Pittsburgh Courier* in North Africa and Europe. After his discharge, he had a variety of jobs—journalist, cartoonist, book illustrator and baseball outfielder—until he became director of public relations for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1948.

Because of his outspoken efforts against racial discrimination, opponents began to label him as a Communist. In 1951 he was warned by a friend who was an Army Intelligence agent that for his own safety, he should leave the country. Since he was concerned for the future of the NAACP as well as his own well-being, Harrington left for Europe three weeks later. Except for a two-week trip to the U.S. in 1972, Harrington did not return to his homeland again until he was honored with an exhibition at the Museum of African American History in Detroit in April 1991.

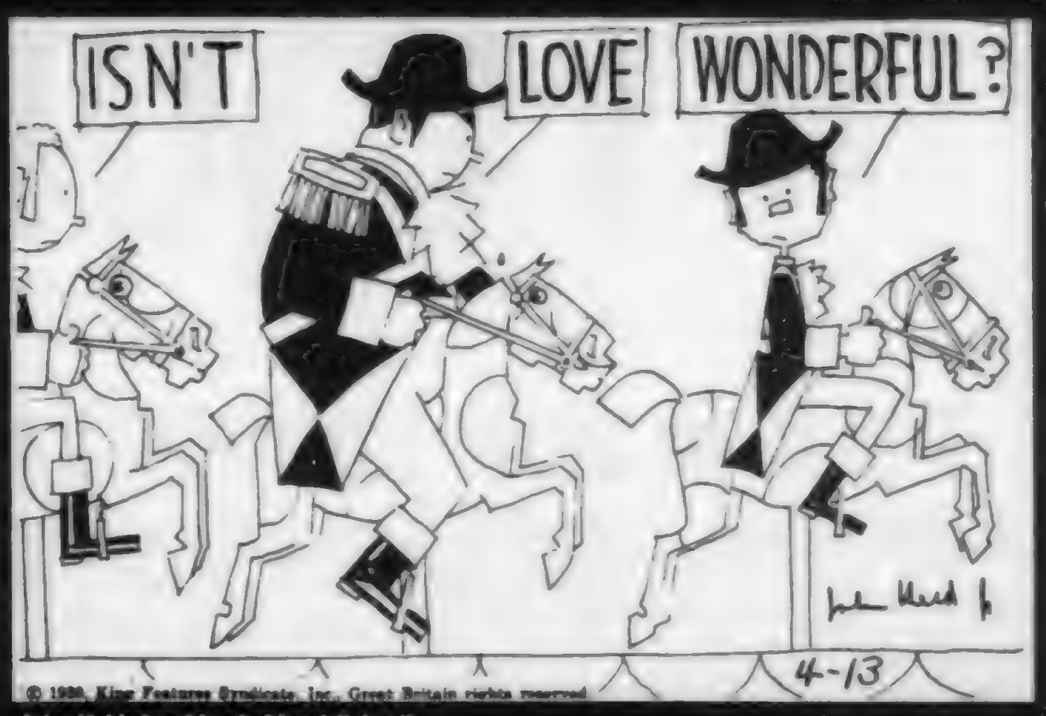
Harrington lost everything for the second time in his life when he was trapped in East Berlin when the Berlin Wall was erected. He had travelled to East Berlin to discuss illustrating a series of books and, because he lacked the proper visas, he was unable to leave the city. *Bootsie* ceased publication in 1963, and Harrington found new outlets for his work in several European magazines, especially *Eulenspiegel*, and in the *People's Daily World*, a New York City tabloid with 72,000 readers. *Soul Shots*, a portfolio containing sixteen of Harrington's *Daily World* cartoons, was published in 1972. At the time of this publication, Oliver Harrington continues to live and work in Berlin.

The illustrations which accompany this article are from the 1958 collection titled *Bootsie and Others* (New York: Dodd, Mead) and are reprinted by permission of Oliver W. Harrington.



The Fine Art of Illustration

George Herriman: "Krazy Kat" detail



© 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

John Held, Jr.: "Merely Margie" detail

Illustration • Comics & Cartoons • Graphic Humor

Comic & Adventure Strips • Editorial & Gag Cartoons

Auction • Appraisal • Purchase • Consignment

Walt Reed • Roger Reed • Fred Taraba

☎ 212/966-9444 *fax* 212/966-9425

Our gallery is the premier market for the entire spectrum of illustration art. We sell on a consignment basis, and from our own acquisitions, both in private gallery sales, and through our twice-annual public auctions. Between them, Walt Reed, Roger Reed and Fred Taraba have written numerous books and articles on many aspects of the field, including the encyclopedic ***The Illustrator in America 1880-1980****. Walt is a member of the Appraisers Association of America, and can provide authentications & appraisals for insurance, tax or estate purposes. Illustration House represents the estates of George Herriman and John Held Jr.*

Illustration House, Inc.

96 Spring Street, 7th floor
New York, NY 10012

established 1974

resources

The Ohio State University Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library

This article is the first in a series which will describe major cartoon-related research facilities.

The most extensive cartoon-related American academic research library is The Ohio State University Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library. Its primary collecting mission is to develop comprehensive holdings which document the history of printed cartoons in the United States. The library is home to more than 14,000 books, more than 600 periodical titles, thousands of original cartoons and related manuscript materials, and assorted other published works on cartoon art.

Milton Caniff, creator of *Terry and the Pirates* and *Steve Canyon* and a 1930 graduate of the University, contributed his papers in 1973 to establish the nucleus of the facility. Since this initial contribution, the Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library (CGA) has enjoyed rapid development. Today, CGA houses more than 200,000 original cartoons—including editorial cartoons, comic strips, sports cartoons, magazine cartoons, and comic book art. CGA also has a representative collection of comic books and underground comics. The manuscript collection includes more than 1,000 linear feet of materials. In addition to Milton Caniff's papers, it includes, among others, the papers of Will Eisner and Walt Kelly.

In early 1990 the library moved into a state-of-the-art facility with carefully controlled temperature and humidity in order to retard the deterioration of paper, photographs, and other materials of historical interest. A special security system ensures the safety of the collections. As a part of the University Libraries system, the Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library is supported by superb reference collections, extensive microform holdings, and large subject area libraries in related fields.

The largest collection of original cartoons is the Robert Roy Metz Collection which contains more than 83,000 originals by 113 cartoonists. Donated by United Media in 1992, the value of the Metz Collection was appraised at more than $9.1 million. Among the sub-collections within the Metz Collection are more than 1,800 *Nancy* comic strips, almost 4,000 examples of *Our Boarding House*, and 1,350 editorial cartoons by Bill Crawford.

The Woody Gelman Collection includes the most extensive publicly available collection of Winsor McCay's work. Numerous examples of all of McCay's comic strips and the majority of his editorial cartoons are held as original drawings, proofs or tear sheets.

The library also serves as the respository for several complete cartoon exhibits including *American Cartoonists Celebrate the First Amendment*, *The Fine Line in Central America*, and the feminist cartoon display *Pork Roasts*. Lengthy runs of comic strip and editorial cartoon syndicate proofs from United Media and NEA, King Features, Inc., and Universal Press are available. Extensive examples of historic comic strip pages have been donated by Bob Bindig and Draper Hill.

Several cartoon-related collections are housed in the library. The Toni Mendez Collection documents business aspects of cartooning through the records of

her many years of work as a licensing agent representing cartoonists. The Richard Samuel West Collection includes the records of *The Puck Papers* and *Target*, two publications that focused on political cartooning. Selby Kelly contributed her files from the Screen Cartoonists Guild. The Shel Dorf Collection includes comic strip scrapbooks, correspondence files, and related materials. Clara Gee Stamaty Ziment donated a large clipping file compiled by magazine cartoonist Stan Stamaty, plus examples of his published work. The Mark Cohen Collection includes correspondence files and original cartoon art. The Charles Schulz Competition Archives document this award which recognizes outstanding young cartoonists.

The development of professional associations for cartoonists may be traced through the archives of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists and the National Cartoonists Society. The Marge Devine Collection includes published works related to her long tenure as the scribe of the National Cartoonists Society. Marvin Tannenberg donated a virtually complete set of the publications of the Cartoonists Guild. Also available is the Ron Wolin Memorial Archive of the Cartoonists Guild Papers.

Andrews and McMeel has contributed a copy of each of their cartoon-related publications for several years. Extensive, often complete, runs of several hundred serials are available. Both trade journals such as *Editor and Publisher Syndicate Directory*, and publications which feature cartoons such as *CARTOONIST PROfiles*, *L'Eclipse*, *Liberator*, *MAD Magazine*, *New York Illustrated News*, *Puck* and *Witty World* are held. Albert L. Simpson of Union, New Jersey, donated the only known complete set of the German-language *Puck*, once the property of its publisher, Adolph Schwarzmann.

A biographical registry of cartoonists was established in 1991 to serve as a source of factual information for researchers. Because of the difficulty in obtaining accurate biographical information about cartoonists, information from the registry is requested by persons worldwide. An extensive clipping file of cartoon-related articles organized by subject is also maintained. This is particularly useful because, at the present time, much information relating to cartooning is published in sources which are not indexed.

CGA was one of the founding members of the Consortium of Popular Culture Libraries in the Midwest (CPCCM) which was established in 1990. In addition to The Ohio State University Libraries, this

Page one of the only known complete set of the German-language *Puck*, donated to the library by Albert L. Simpson.

regional network includes Bowling Green State University (BGSU), Kent State University (KSU) and Michigan State University (MSU). At BGSU the collections are very wide-ranging with special strengths at the Popular Culture Library in popular fiction and the performing arts, and at the Sound Recordings Archives in recorded popular music. At KSU the collections are especially strong in contemporary theatre and other performing arts; selected detective and science fiction/fantasy writers; and popular children's literature centered in the Saalfield Publishing Company Archives. At MSU the Russel B. Nye Popular Culture Collection includes comic books, popular and religious fiction, and materials relating to popular information. CPCCM members work cooperatively on issues of mutual concern such as collection development, access to collections, and preservation. For example, because CGA shares collecting interests with the Russel B. Nye Popular Culture Collection at Michigan State University, the consortium offers the opportunity for practical and cost-effective collaboration and resource sharing.

In order to inform interested persons about the resources available, CGA has been active in undertaking programming related to cartoon art by mounting numerous exhibitions and, most notably, by sponsoring the triennial Festival of Cartoon Art. Since its beginning in 1983, the festival has featured scholarly exhibitions with published catalogues, panel discussions, presentations by individual speakers, and other special events intended to promote interest in the research and study of cartooning.

CGA's mission to collect comprehensively and to make materials available upon request set it apart from a museum. While many of the library's holdings are of museum-quality, there are also many items

---

Itemized finding aids are available in the library. To locate original cartoons, researchers should look under the cartoonist's name in the card catalog and in the inventory books. The work of some cartoonists may be found in collections bearing the name of their collector or donor. For example, original work by a number of well-known cartoonists may be found in the collections of Philip Sills, Leo and Marie Egli, Louis (Doc) Goodwin, and the Charles Kuhn. The Sydney Carroll Collection focuses on magazine cartoons by several artists. The Herban-Livingston Collection features original work by several newspaper cartoonists.

For those persons named below, twenty or more original cartoons are held in The Ohio State University Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library. Researchers who do not see the name of a particular particular cartoonist are encouraged to contact the library. Work by many artists is held in clippings, proofs and scrapbooks, and hundreds of artists are represented by fewer than twenty original cartoons.

Steven Amy
Roger Armstrong
Ed Ashley
Jim Baker
Charles L. Bartholomew (Bart)
Brian Basset
Tom Bateson
Tom Batiuk
Ned Beard
Walter Berndt
Jim Berry
Jim Borgman
Frank Borth
Jim Branagan
George Breisacher
Harry S. Bressler
Ernie Bushmiller
Brian Campbell
Milton Caniff
Al Capp
Les Carroll
Mick Casale
Mel Casson
Dick Cavalli
Neg Cochran
Paul Coker
Marcia Course
Eugene Craig
Bill Crawford
Bill Crooks
Tom Curtis
O'Dell Dean
Bernard Dibble (DIB)
John Dirks
Ed Dodd
Edwina Dumm
Will Eisner
Leo Egli
Samuel D. Ehrhart
Bob Englehart
Joe Escourido
Ray Evans
Flash Fairfield
Bill Farmer
Jerry Fearing
George Fett
John Fischetti
Dudley T. Fisher, Jr.
Creig Flessel
Henry Formhalls
Gill Fox
Mort Gerberg
Eddie Germano
Orla Getterman
Archie Goodwin
Larry Harris
Irwin Hasen
John E. Hazlett
Ralph Heimdahl
Harry Hershfield
Erwin Hess
Pete Hoffman
Bill Holman
F. M. Howarth
Bill Howrilla
Karl Hubenthal
Jud Hurd
William A. Ireland (Billy)
Tom Isbell
Ferd Johnson
Lynn Johnston
Jim Jonson
Jim Kammerud
Gil Kane
Walt Kelly
Jack Knox
Phil Krohn
Ed Kudlaty
Ed Kuekes
Charles Kuhn
John Lane
Jim Larrick
Mark Lasky
Jim Lawrence
Sam Leff
Craig Leggett
George Lemont
George Levine
Larry Lewis
Al Liederman
Paule Loring
G. T. Maxwell
Winsor McCay
Tom McCormick
John T. McCutcheon
Jim MacDonald
Edgar E. Martin
Dahl Mikkelsen
Jack Millie
James Molica
Foster Moore
Dick Moores
Arnie Mossler
John Cullen Murphy
Marv Myers
William Nellor
Art Nugent
Murray Olderman
Frank O'Neal
Frederick Burr Opper
Kate Osann
Bernice Bede Osol
Ray Osrin
Bill Overgard
Paul Palnik
Phil Pastoret
Eugene Payne
Lute Pease
Mike Peters
Roy Peterson
Al Plastino
Art Poinier
Bill Potter
Newton Pratt
Milt Priggee
Mario Risso
Nancy Risso
Bill Roberts
Dick Rogers
Cliff Rogerson
John Roman
Harold Russell
Bill Sanders
Art Sansom
Chip Sansom
Leonard Sansone
Jim Scancarelli
Walt Scott
Paul Sellers
Noel Sickles
Jeff Smith
Jeff Stahler
John Stees
Al Stoffel
Ed Sullivan
Mark Szorady
Charles Jay Taylor
Bert Thomas
Carl Tobey
Dick Turner
Leslie Turner
Morrie Turner
Chuck Vadun
Al Vermeer
Dow Walling
Mort Walker
L. D. Warren
Harry Westerman
Charles Werner
Warren Whipple
Leo White
Ned White
Bert Whitman
Gaar Williams
J.R. Williams
Scott Willis
Al Wiseman
Elmer Woggon
Michael Angelo Woolf
Larry Wright
Matt Wuerker

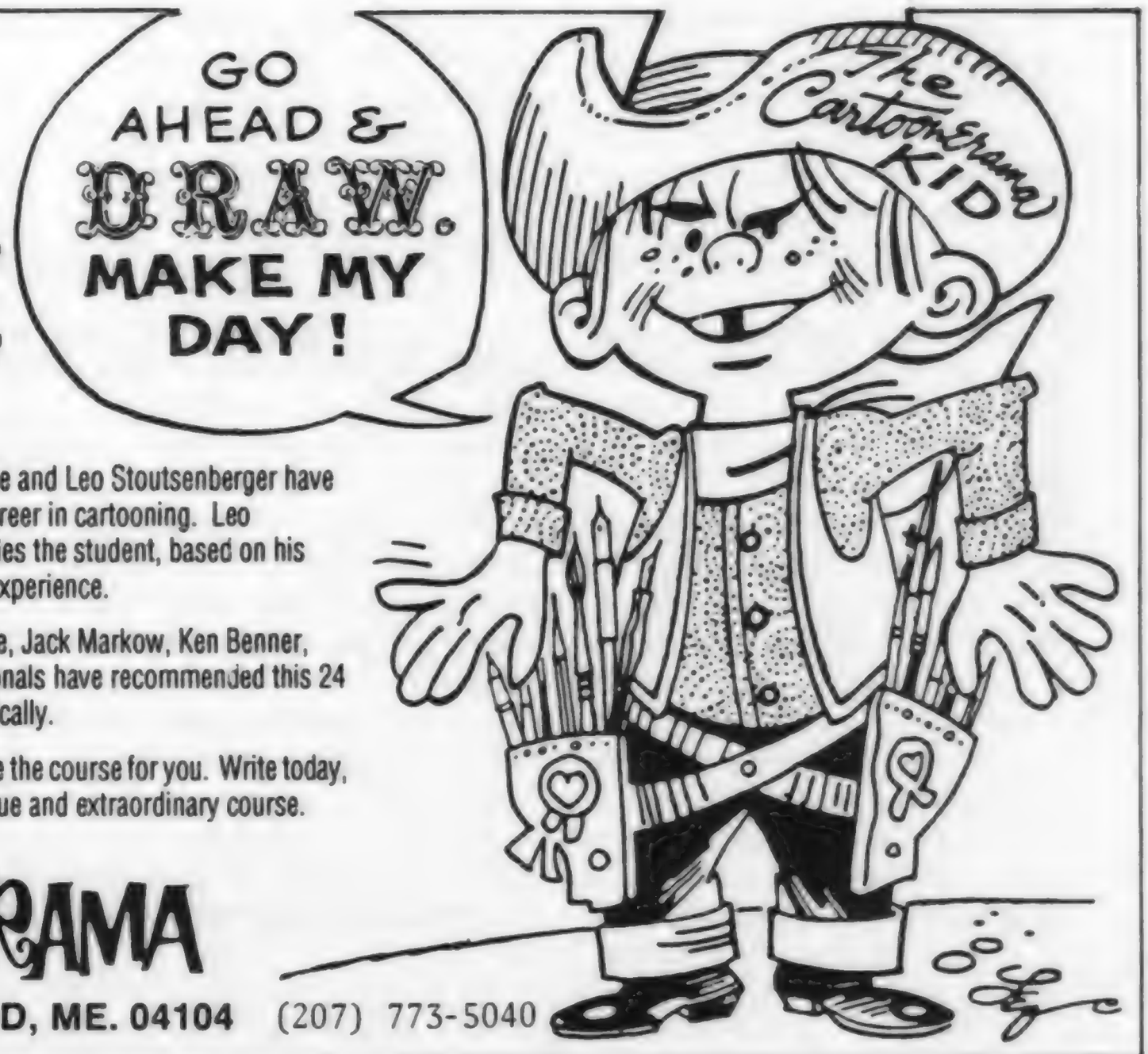
(such as cartoonists' fan letters and association archives) which are of potential interest to the researcher, but are not appropriate for a museum setting.

Because this is a research library, items from its collections are available for advanced study upon request. None may be borrowed for personal use outside the reading room. Many of the manuscript collections and most published works held are described on the international Online Library Computer Catalog (OCLC) which may be searched at public and academic libraries throughout the world. When possible, researchers are encouraged to make advance arrangements prior to coming to the library and all researchers are required to register. For reasons of security, use of the reading room is restricted to persons using the library's holdings. Additional information about The Ohio State University Cartoon, Graphic, and Photographic Arts Research Library may be obtained by telephoning (614) 292-0538

2
THE PRINCESS HAS ASKED THAT YOU MEET HER IN THE ROYAL GARDEN, NEMO. IN PRIVATE, SO THAT YOU WILL NOT GET SO RATTLED. YOU SEE?
YES. TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND HERE. NOW YOU TAKE ONE MORE PILL THEN YOU'LL BE O.K.
DOCTOR PILL

The Woody Gelman Collection includes the largest publicly available collection of the work of Winsor McCay. The second panel of the original *Little Nemo in Slumberland* for 15 July 1906 is shown.

Now you can cartoon your way to a richer, fuller life . . .



For over 25 years the Cartoonerama course and Leo Stoutsenberger have been teaching the skills necessary for a career in cartooning. Leo personally criticises assignments and guides the student, based on his many years of professional and teaching experience.

Ken Muse, Randy Glasbergen, Paul Gringle, Jack Markow, Ken Benner, Larry White, and many other top professionals have recommended this 24 lesson correspondence course enthusiastically.

If you enjoy drawing cartoons, this could be the course for you. Write today, or call for free information about this unique and extraordinary course.

CARTOONERAMA

BOX 854 (L) • PORTLAND, ME. 04104 (207) 773-5040

book reviews

The Savage Mirror: The Art of Contemporary Caricature

by Steven Heller and Gail Anderson.

Reviewed by John J. Appel.

The authors define caricature as a portrait with an attitude, a picture provoking recognition by its distortion though it is often no more than a visual prank meant to entertain. At their best, caricaturists have been political and social critics who have contributed powerful metaphors and icons to English, French, German and American national life. Steven Heller, senior art director of the *New York Times*, and Gail Anderson, deputy art director of *Rolling Stone*, are primarily concerned with caricatures which rouse men and women by candid drawings exposing the short-comings, grossness and deformities of politicians and leaders.

Caricature is used to describe a variety of cartoons, and cartoon often describes a humorous caricature. Nevertheless, both authors think that cultural caricature is often a mild jest, while in political caricature, the person is pilloried or ridiculed. They state that today, caricature refers to a drawing, painting or sculpture "where *facial distortion* rather than situational exaggeration is the primary attribute."

The impulse to embellish or heighten the effect of a portrait through exaggeration can be seen among early Egyptian artists and medieval painters. In the late sixteenth century the Italian painters Annibale and Agostino Carraci elevated caricature into an artistic pursuit of its own, not merely a diversion. By the eighteenth century, caricature had evolved into an international language, perfected as satire by the British artists William Hogarth, Thomas Rowlandson, James Gillray and George Cruikshank. To show the extent of nineteenth and twentieth century social criticism by masters of the art of caricature, the authors supply a condensed history of its evolution from Honoré Daumier's "portrait" of the French monarch Louis Phillippe in 1832 as the Pear King to the 1960s, "when American caricature enjoyed a renaissance" by artists whose work in this "golden age" is explored in the second section of the book.

Entitled "Masters of the Renaissance," this section surveys the work of nine caricaturists: Robert Osborn, Al Hirschfeld, Ronald Searle, David Levine, Edward Sorel, Ralph Steadman, Robert Grossman, and Roger Law and Peter Fluck (the last two as partners). The cartoonists are each represented by at least one full page and several smaller caricatures. Osborn merits special attention for his singular contribution to the art of caricature: his "blend of abstract and representational form." To be sure, others, like the Rumanian-born Saul Steinberg, were commenting on America in this form, but Osborn, a Wisconsin native, was the first American cartoonist to imbue his drawings with such raw expression.

Watergate and the creation of the op-ed page gave the cartoonist and caricaturist a new opportunity to create almost anything within the bounds of reasonable taste

Richard Nixon, *The New York Review of Books*, 1973 by David Levine.

about Richard Nixon. The authors contend that the *New York Times* was the leader in Watergate-related political caricatures in an otherwise conservative field of newspapers.

The last men profiled, Law and Fluck, are the creators of a popular British tv show, *Spitting Image*, that features life-sized, hand-manipulated puppets made of foam. The show's success turned the foam caricature form into a "factory" and conglomerate, employing six writers and several cartoonists who have also produced books, videos and novelties.

The third and longest section of the book deals with "New Wave" artists. Philip Burke is one of the best of the new wave, doing savage *portraits chargé* for magazines such as *Esquire*, *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone*. Like Burke, most of the others featured here produce painting-caricatures, not caricatures created on the spot or made against tight deadlines. Other artists highlighted include John Kascht who does cultural caricatures for the *Washington Times* and Michael Witte and Mark Summers who do elegant nineteenth century vignettes for the *New Yorker*. Heller and Anderson also give considerable space to the work of artists exploring uncommon approaches to caricature like collage, which was first popularized by German Dadists in the thirties. Works in this style by Stephen Kroninger and Hanoch Piven are especially effective.

Other caricaturists featured in this chapter choose to push the limits of exaggeration, stretching a famous face as far as the likeness can be made to go and still remain recognizable. Steven Brodner is one of these artists who has taken facial distortion to its limits, both as a formal exercise and as an emotional response to his subjects.

The Savage Mirror, loaded with exciting art beautifully presented, is an important contribution to the literature on caricature.

Heller, Steven and Gail Anderson. *The Savage Mirror: The Art of Contemporary Caricature*. Watson-Guptill. 1992. 160 p. index. ISBN 0-8230-4644-3. pap. $29.95.

Never Underestimate: The Life and Career of Margaret Chase Smith Through the Eyes of the Political Cartoonist

by Margaret F. Viens

Reviewed by Bruce Wheltle.

Margaret Chase Smith (b. December 14, 1897) is a political woman whose remarkable life and career have spanned every decade of this century. Her substantial achievements are recalled through political cartoons in *Never Underestimate...*, the companion book to a charmingly folksy exhibition of cartoons and career artifacts that were displayed at the Margaret Chase Smith Library in the former U.S. Senator's hometown of Skowhegan, Maine, between April and June 1993. The Senator (now simply "MCS" to many), at an alert and vigorous 95, presided over the opening of the exhibition on April 4, after an old-fashioned blizzard had caused a three week delay of the scheduled opening. The library, high above the scenic Kennebec River, incorporates archives, meeting and display spaces with the long time residence of MCS.

Like generations of politicians rooted in the special qualities of a place, MCS spent the first third of

MS-123 "If Maggie were president..."
by ***Draper Hill***
Unpublished while at theWorcester Telegram
February, 1964

her life in Maine and returned to her birthplace upon leaving the Senate in 1973. She was married in 1930, at the then-late age of thirty-three, to Clyde H. Smith, a man twenty-one years her senior. Both were active in Republican politics in Maine. She helped promote his political career and in 1936 he won his first term in the U.S. Congress as Representative of Maine's Second Congressional District. Unfortunately, Clyde Smith had a bad heart, and did not survive his third Congressional campaign in 1940, but MCS (by prearrangement) continued the campaign in his stead and was elected in her own right. She served four House terms, was sent to the Senate in 1948, and ultimately served four terms there.

A significant portion of the cartoonists' (all male, of course) attention to MCS was primarily by reason of her gender. That was their problem and not hers, because from the start her voice was moved by deeply held principles grounded in the Constitution and in a Mainer's hard-won sense of fiscal conservatism and integrity. On the other hand, she was sufficiently practical and shrewd to employ symbols of her femininity—an omnipresent rose and strand of pearls, and blueberry muffin baking prowess—as means to win attention and recognition for her ideas.

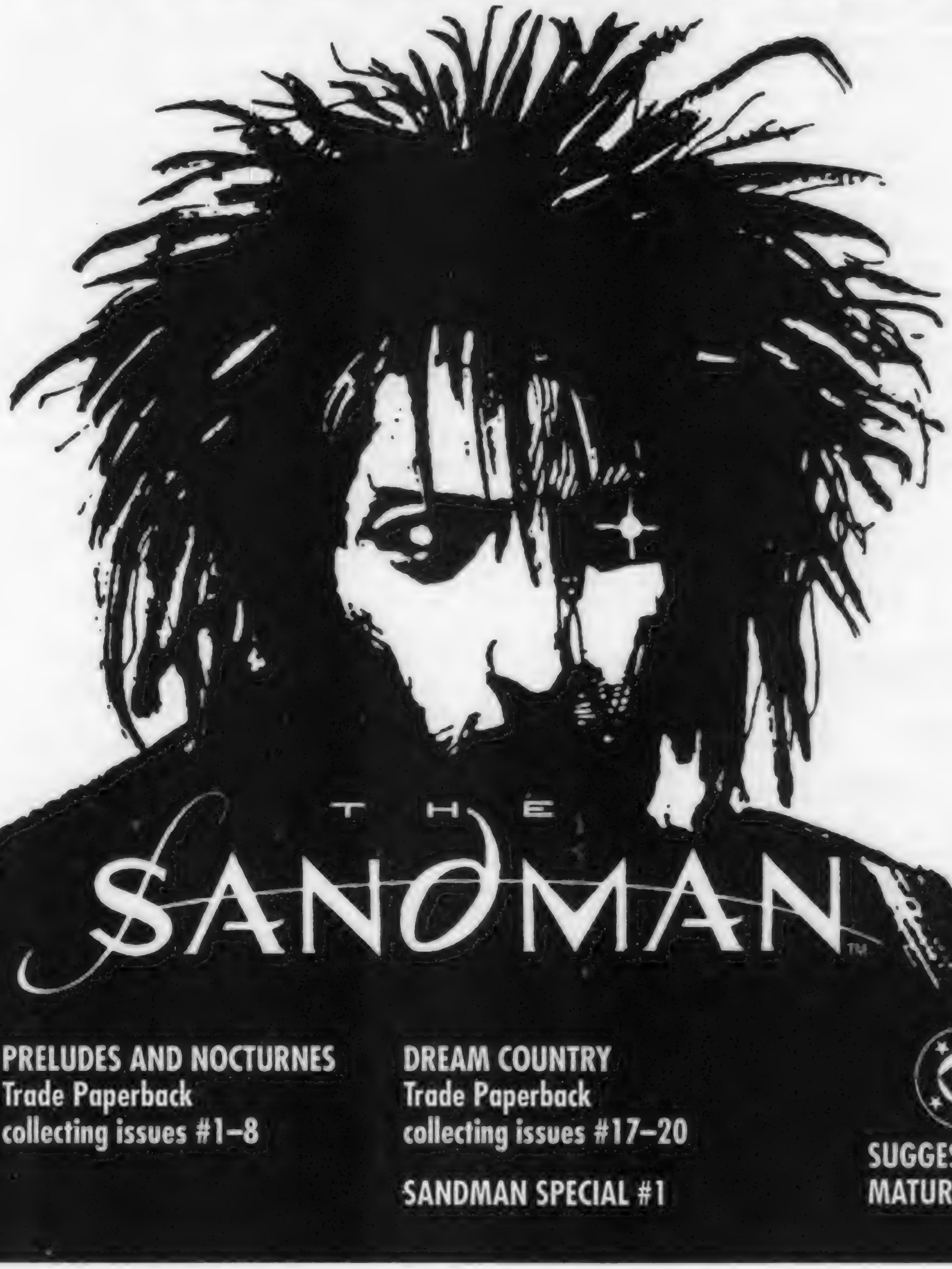
The era called "the haunted fifties" by I.F. Stone provided a searing test for many in the U.S. government as the reckless and unscrupulous Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin bullied and intimidated his way to power on allegations of widespread Communist infiltration of the federal government. Margaret Chase Smith was no pushover for McCarthy's brazen thuggishness, and hers was one of the first—indeed one of very few—early voices of opposition to McCarthy. Her "Declaration of Conscience" in 1950 gave cartoonists a hook for material emphasizing the contrast between the courtly but tough gentlewoman with her trademark rose, and the swaggering brutishness of McCarthy. This was ready-made material for the cartooning trade.

The library exhibition featured 100 cartoons by about eighty cartoonists, and the book contains slightly more than 200 cartoons by about 130 individuals, from a universe of 375 cartoons known to have included MCS as their subject. An extraordinarily well organized historical clipping and artifact file aided the library's assistant director, Margaret Viens, in her research and writing.

It is popular to think of political cartoons as a perishable medium, engaging the daily reader's attention for ten or fifteen seconds, and then vanishing into ephemeral oblivion. A contrasing hypothesis is offered here. In this MTV/CNN saturated age, a collection of these "snapshots," artfully put into context, is exactly geared to what the modern mind is willing to apprehend. Indeed, the MCS exhibition and its accompanying book were/are an exhilarating and successful effort at presenting popular history through graphic materials. The cartoons are organized chronologically with enough graceful edifying commentary to refresh older memories and to explain succinctly to post-1950s generations.

The editorial cartoonists' "take" on MCS revealed in *Never Underestimate...* is almost always cordial, even from the conservative Republicans Joseph Parrish of the *Chicago Tribune* and Daniel Holland of the *Washington Times Herald*. Parrish portrayed MCS as a "New Deal Internationalist," however, and Holland saw her as a "pro-Red" mud-slinger for her stand against McCarthy's tactics. More interesting to an interviewer was a comment Senator Smith made at the recent exhibition opening,

HE CONTROLS YOUR DREAMS



PRELUDES AND NOCTURNES
Trade Paperback
collecting issues #1–8

DREAM COUNTRY
Trade Paperback
collecting issues #17–20

SANDMAN SPECIAL #1

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

© TM DC Comics Inc. © 1991. All Rights Reserved.

AVAILABLE AT:

COMIC TOWN

Comic Book Specialty Shop

320 S. State Street • Westerville, Ohio 43081 • (614) 890-8338

asserting, "I don't think I ever became angry at anything a cartoonist said about me. I was pleased by the attention to my ideas and to what I was trying to say." The book is organized primarily around the McCarthy period, aspects of Maine politics and the decision of MCS to run for the presidency in 1964.

There is a decided datedness in cartooning practice seen in portions of the book. The dominant dates of the cartoons included are the election years between 1948 and 1970, plus 1963. Of more than 200 examples printed, about fifty use Nastean elephant/donkey symbolism, and so rife are hat-in-the-ring and men's hats versus the one lady's hat metaphors that a section of a dozen or more examples is titled "Hats Off." The Presidential candidacy as a male club is a section where more diverse examples are shown, several of them quite charming. For example, an elegant Draper Hill cartoon envisions port and cigars at a summit with Khruschev, DeGaulle, Erhardt and Douglas Home "If Maggie were President..."

The MCS Library has a display case containing a superb collection of small elephants presented to Senator Smith over the years, and one need not doubt that she continues to cherish her close identification with this durable Republican symbol. Even so, it is clear from the folklore as well as quotations selected for inclusion in the book, that MCS saw (and still sees) her role as "... a person first, not a woman," as author Margaret Viens states. This solid contribution to the library of political cartooning helps to document the life of a uniquely American public citizen.

Viens, Margaret F. *Never Underestimate: The Life and Career of Margaret Chase Smith Through the Eyes of the Political Cartoonist.* Skowhegan, ME: Northwood University Margaret Chase Smith Library. 1993. 183 p. notes. index. pap. $12.50.

Understanding Comics

by Scott McCloud.

Reviewed by Joseph Witek.

In the summer of 1993 I under took to teach an upper division English course on "Comics and/as Literature." Like anyone else bringing comics to the classroom, I faced a serious problem finding appropriate books. Primary texts have become easier to come by since the boom in graphic novels and softbound reprint volumes; a good thing, too, since college bookstores are more adept at ordering *Maus* and *Watchmen* from conventional book publishers than in assembling issues of individual comics.

But with the passing of the heroic age of class-pack photo-copying, secondary sources have become harder to use than ever. While several fine books on comics have appeared in recent years, the tradition of critical discourse on comics in this country is neither broad nor deep, and of the worthwhile work that exists, very little travels well into the classroom. For example, David Kunzle's two trenchant volumes of his comic strip history are too massive, expensive, and specialized for undergraduates, while most other histories of comics are aimed at comics hobbyists or nostalgia buffs. Scarcest of all are works dealing with my own central critical concern, the textual specificity of the comics medium itself. Before 1985 there were but a handful of scattered articles concerned with how comics make meanings; not until the eminent comic creator Will Eisner's *Comics & Sequential Art* appeared did a full-length discussion of the specific techniques of comics narrative become available in English.[1]

Comics & Sequential Art seemed the best, indeed only, choice as a basic text for my course. In that pioneering volume Eisner's long experience with making instructional comics stands him in good stead as he expounds his ideas on the theory and (mostly) practice of comic art. His extended treatments of the component parts of the comics medium such as the interaction of words and images, framing, timing, and the semiotics (what he calls "vocabulary") of word balloons and panel borders are clear and illuminating, and in the past students have responded well to Eisner's straightforward approach and well-chosen examples.

For all its strengths, though, *Comics & Sequential Art* is not the ideal classroom introduction to comics that it first appears to be. For one thing, as Eisner says, "This work was originally written as a series of essays that appeared randomly in *The Spirit* magazine,"[2] and its disparate organization

betrays its roots. The topics chosen are a bit idiosyncratic, and the book finally is most effective as a consideration of Eisner's own practice (valuable though that is) than as a complete introductory text. For example, Eisner's extended and fascinating discussion of one of his recent interests, the "meta-panel," a page design of borderless panels, suggests a greater importance for that technique in comics as a whole than has thus far been the case. More significantly, all the illustrations in the book are Eisner's own (several full-length *Spirit* stories are included), and while unity of vision thus is maintained, a sense of the breadth and variety of practice in comics is missing entirely. *Comics & Sequential Art* beyond doubt has been a boon to scholars and critics of the comics form by commencing with acumen and gusto a critical conversation on the comics medium that has been too long getting started in this country. But as time passes the book seems more like a good beginning than the final word.

My problem in choosing books was solved when, a few days before textbook orders were due for the summer term, a copy of cartoonist Scott McCloud's long-rumored *Understanding Comics* arrived at the local comics shop. *Understanding Comics* is nothing less than a full-length treatise in comic book form on the history and aesthetics of the comics medium; a cartoon figure calling itself "Scott McCloud" leads readers through chapters on the definition of comics (itself a vexed issue in the previous literature), iconic representation, transitions between panels, time and movement in the comics, synaesthesia and expressionism, visual/verbal interaction, a unified theory of artistic creation, and the effects of color in comics. As the penultimate item on that list suggests, the range of McCloud's ambition is almost humorously massive, a refreshing quality in comics criticism, a field much given to self-denigration and meek apologies for its subject matter. The book treats each of its subjects in detail, it includes a wide range of examples, and it discusses with insight the comics traditions of Europe and Japan as well as that of the United States.

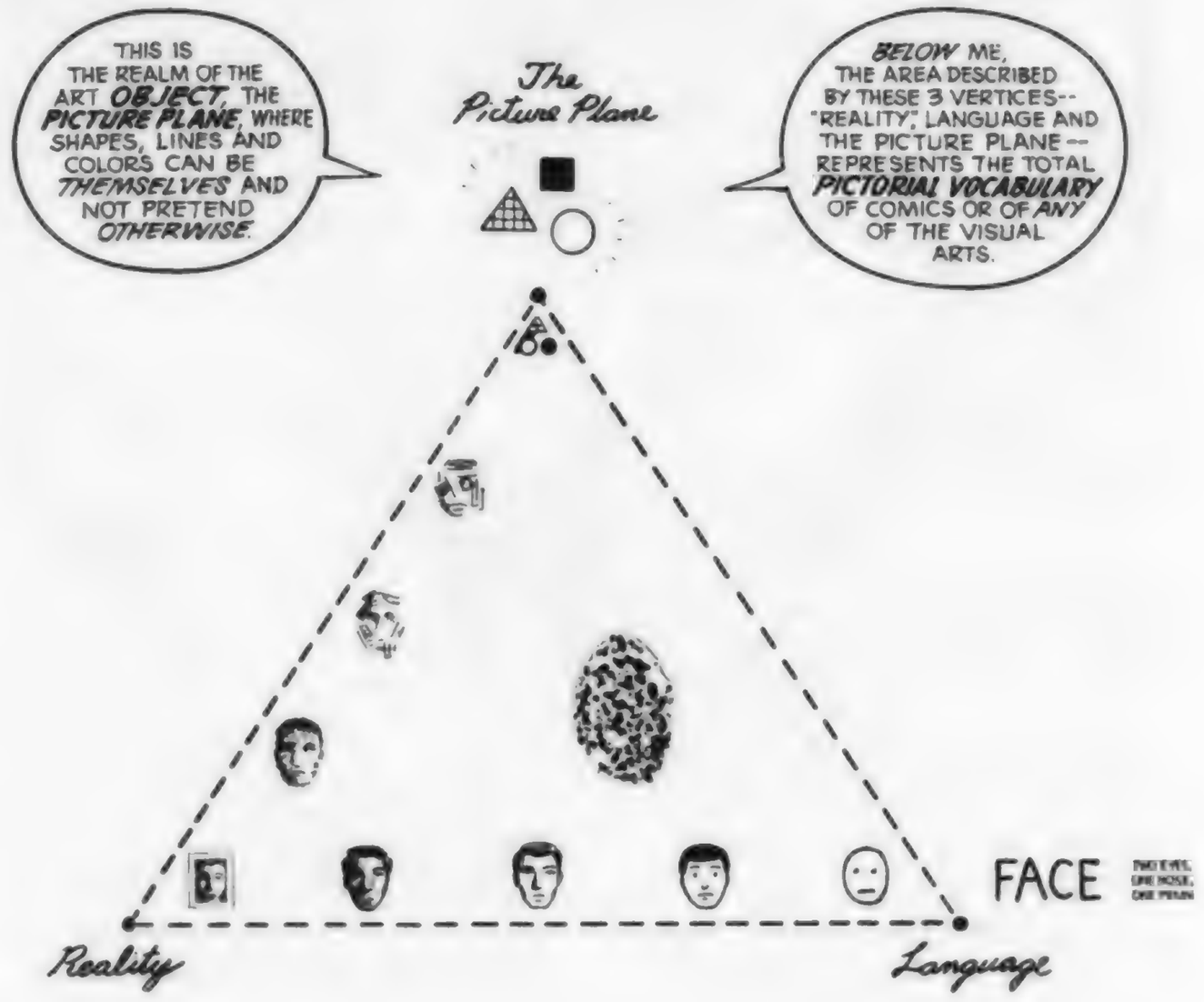
Understanding Comics, then, became the basic text for the course; after two weeks (out of eight in the term) with McCloud's book, we read Alan Moore and Dave Gibbon's *Watchmen*, Art Spiegelman's *Maus*, a reprint volume of George Herriman's *Krazy Kat*, and Jay Cantor's novel *Krazy Kat*. The class mixed advanced English majors with graduate students, and avid comics fans with people who never even read the funnies; one student needed the course hours for graduation, another was a practicing comic book artist. Even the experienced comics buffs were little used to thinking about the medium analytically, though, and the group turned out to be a nearly ideal practical testing ground for McCloud's arguments.

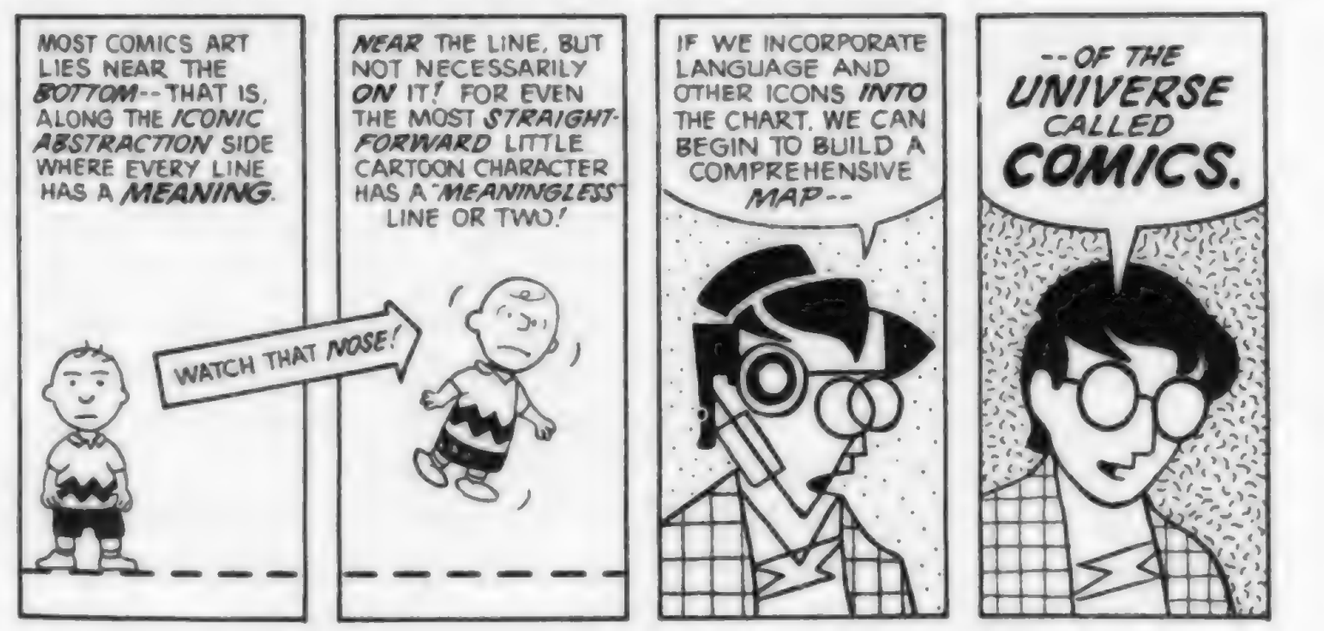
Together my students and I found that *Understanding Comics* works very well in the classroom as McCloud exploits the didactic potential of the comics medium to the hilt. As might be expected of a person who attempts a *Poetics* of the comics medium, McCloud's approach is eminently Aristotelian. A short but passionate survey of comics prehistory soon gives way to categories and taxonomies, with plenty of illustrative examples, charts, graphs, and nomenclature old, new, and borrowed. While he is no academic, McCloud sprinkles his arguments liberally with references to authorities such as Rodolphe Töpffer, René Magritte, Vassily Kandinsky, Marshall McCluhan, and Max Ernst. Such references helped to locate the intellectual contexts of McCloud's arguments for students with philosophy and humanities backgrounds, while McCloud's lists and charts enabled students who were unfamiliar with the history and conventions of comics narratives to sort through a mass of new information.

Few students realized, however, that, in addition to the helpful presences of artists and philosophers, the immediate figures behind McCloud's approach to the comics medium and its history are David Kunzle and Will Eisner. Kunzle's history of comic strips backdates the medium to the

Renaissance, well before the traditional turn-of-the-century, Ally Sloper/Yellow Kid, newspaper publishing wars startup that has become the conventional wisdom among comics historians. McCloud follows suit by emphasizing the contributions of Hogarth and Töpffer in the development of the comics medium. McCloud in fact goes Kunzle several millennia better by linking comics to hieroglyphics and narrative tapestries, in a move designed not to ennoble comics by association, as has been done before, but to place comics in the larger context of visual narratives in Western culture.

At this point Eisner contributes the phrase "sequential art," and McCloud embraces this term for the medium of which comic strips and comic books are specific forms. "Sequential art" is the latest contender as an alternative to "the comics" and has actually been used recently by writers other than its inventor, unlike previous pretenders such as "graphic fiction," "panelology," and Art Spiegelman's offering, "commix." The term has attracted some scorn as a pretentious attempt to escape what even some comics enthusiasts see as the essentially puerile and sordid nature of comics, and no doubt some legitimizing impulse is attached to it. But my students, most of whom had no stake in raising the cultural status of comics, seemed to think that "sequential art" made a useful distinction as a name for the whole of which comic strips and comic books are parts.


THIS IS THE REALM OF THE ART OBJECT, THE PICTURE PLANE, WHERE SHAPES, LINES AND COLORS CAN BE THEMSELVES AND NOT PRETEND OTHERWISE.
The Picture Plane
BELOW ME, THE AREA DESCRIBED BY THESE 3 VERTICES-- "REALITY", LANGUAGE AND THE PICTURE PLANE-- REPRESENTS THE TOTAL PICTORIAL VOCABULARY OF COMICS OR OF ANY OF THE VISUAL ARTS.
FACE
Reality
Language


MOST COMICS ART LIES NEAR THE BOTTOM-- THAT IS, ALONG THE ICONIC ABSTRACTION SIDE WHERE EVERY LINE HAS A MEANING.
NEAR THE LINE, BUT NOT NECESSARILY ON IT! FOR EVEN THE MOST STRAIGHT-FORWARD LITTLE CARTOON CHARACTER HAS A "MEANINGLESS" LINE OR TWO!
WATCH THAT NOSE!
IF WE INCORPORATE LANGUAGE AND OTHER ICONS INTO THE CHART, WE CAN BEGIN TO BUILD A COMPREHENSIVE MAP--
--OF THE UNIVERSE CALLED COMICS.

Much of the beginning of *Understanding Comics* is devoted to the careful crafting of McCloud's definition of comics, "Juxtaposed pictorial and other images in deliberate sequence." While the definition itself raises some conceptual difficulties (Is a linked series of ads in a magazine "comics"?), its production is itself a *tour de force* performance of comics criticism. Most writers on comics (David Kunzle is the main exception, as ever) have followed Coulton Waugh's heavily content-based definition, which emphasized matters such as such as word balloons and continuing characters as the essentials of comics. McCloud's definition has the advantage of locating the medium in its formal qualities, and as with much in this book, it will no doubt set the terms of the critical debate that McCloud explicitly hopes will result from *Understanding Comics*.

But historical background and conceptual definitions were of limited interest to my students. The course assignments empha-

sized textual analysis of specific comics examples, so the class was concerned with developing an interpretive procedure that would work for comics. For us, then, the central parts of *Understanding Comics* became McCloud's discussions of the "iconic triangle" and his chartings of panel-to-panel transitions and word/image interdependence. These three elements represent a major advance in comics criticism by supplying a clear explanation of and vocabulary for some of the distinctive techniques of the comics medium. They each also engendered a number of problems, and it eventually became clear to us that this book is a valuable both for the answers it offers and the questions it raises.

A case in point is McCloud's theory of the icon. By "icon" McCloud means all figures of representation, including words, symbols, and images; for McCloud, icons vary along an axis of meaning and one of abstraction. The theory is diagrammed in a triangle, the horizontal base of which stretches from "reality" (actually photographic realism) on the left through increasingly simplified forms of representation to written language on the right; the left diagonal stretches from the "reality" point up to pure geometric design ("the picture plane") at the apex. The further right toward meaning one goes the more simplified the figures become (at the right border a smiley face slips over into the alphabet); the higher up one travels the more figures break down into abstract forms. McCloud then proceeds to locate nearly all the familiar styles of comics artists on this triangle; as might be expected, the lower right corner is quite crowded, the triangle's apex nearly bare. As an introduction to the variety of visual styles in comics, the triangle is an unparalleled teaching aid, and few students had trouble placing new examples on the appropriate spots on the chart.

But students' questions about how to use the triangle revealed a major issue, if not difficulty, with McCloud's whole approach in *Understanding Comics*. His cornucopia of examples invites readers to provide their own, but dubious cases arise quickly to hover annoyingly at the edges of the argument. Is an X-ray even more "real" than a photograph, and thus placed further to the left? Is photomicroscopy more abstract or more real than a photo portrait? And where does the right border of the chart really end? Though his spectrum of pictorial styles is inclusive, McCloud does not say much about how words become more or less abstract or representational, and we all ended up in some confusion as to where to put writing/printing styles. The iconic triangle has the indubitable advantage of allowing a detailed taxonomy of what until now have been lumped as "realistic" or "cartoony" visual styles, but the ambiguities at its extremities suggest that the big issues of realism, representation, and meaning raised by the comics medium are being pointed to rather than systematically confronted.

Of perhaps the greatest practical value to us was McCloud's analysis of the ways comics make shifts in time and space from panel to panel; his five categories of narrative transitions supply a way of talking precisely about a narrative element that until now has been only erratically articulated. Of nearly equal interest were his graphs showing how various comics creators use these transitions. For example, even inexperienced comics readers sense that Art Spiegelman's self-reflexive and cerebral experimental comics differ greatly from the spare and straightforward *Maus*, but McCloud's graphs demonstrate that a major difference is that Spiegelman's early works use a wide range of transition types while *Maus*, like most narrative comics in general, mostly sticks to sequences which switch from one action to another within a scene, from one part of a scene to another, and from one scene to the next. These categories supplied my students, most of whom were unused to talking about comics texts at all, with a tool for making precise and nuanced analytical judgements. Still, special cases cropped up faster than we could dispose of them, mostly because McCloud's examples of transitions use minimal text and we soon found that distinguishing among the various transitions depended largely on verbal cues to show where and when the narrative was going.

The same problem cropped up, though to a lesser degree, in McCloud's similar discussion of word/image interaction in panels. His seven categories of word/image combinations rationalize an often bewildering array of narrative techniques and, as in so much of *Understanding Comics*, McCloud does a major service to comics criticism by supplying names for complex concepts. But in practice we had a hard time distinguishing "duo-specific" panels (those sometimes hilarious instances when the caption repeats the message of the picture) from "additive" ones (where the text amplifies or elaborates the image). Certainly the students thought such ambiguities were a greater problem than I did, since they were worried about making mistakes in their essays, while I was more concerned with figuring out if the categories worked and made sense; they mostly do. Despite our questions, we all agreed that together the iconic triangle, the panel transitions, and the word/

Winner of the 1993 Eisner Award for Best Humor Publication

and

The Inkpot Russ Manning Most Promising Newcomer Award

BONE

by Jeff Smith

"Congratulations on BONE. I find it well conceived and altogether enjoyable. You are walking in the tradition of Herriman and Walt Kelly - - Keep Going!"

Will Eisner

"Smith's writing is crisp, his dialogue is witty, and his artwork is sublime...BONE is that rarest of all cliches: Fun for the whole family!"

The Comics Journal

"BONE is Brilliant!"

Dave Sim

A Comic Book From

Cartoon Books.

Available in fine comic shops everywhere

©1993 by Jeff Smith

image combinations gave us invaluable ways of analyzing the specificities of comics texts that none of us had before.

A written survey at the end of the course revealed that my students responded very well to McCloud and his arguments. Most felt that the comic book format not only presented its complex information very effectively, but that the form itself bolstered McCloud's argument that comics are worth studying. Several students were bothered by McCloud's occasional apologies for the medium and found them intrusive and irrelevant; seasoned comics scholars will recognize the impulse to preface serious treatments of comics with some version of the proviso, "Most people think all comics are simple and stupid, but they're not." Many thought that the theory of artistic creation detailed in Chapter Seven was overly schematic and of dubious utility ("hokey drawings, too," sniffed one person); a few were pleased to find out that "art" included every human activity except those connected with survival and sex. Several rightly complained that the book's binding was poor (viewing the complete iconic triangle requires breaking the book's spine); a mysterious blob of ink marring the middle of the iconic triangle came under fire as well. And in a volume that aspires to be a textbook, the lack of an index is inexcusable.

These minor issues aside, *Understanding Comics* is a success in the classroom and I recommend it to anyone teaching comics. As a work of comics criticism the book is wonderfully brave and intellectually ambitious, qualities all the more welcome in a professional cartoonist; analysis and theoretical inquiry generally have been anathema to most of McCloud's colleagues. The categories McCloud describes are themselves an important contribution to thinking about comics, and his argument should have an immediate effect on comics discourse.

The missteps and limitations of *Understanding Comics* likewise should help to clarify issues for further work in the comics field. First, McCloud takes over existing critical terms with little sense of their history. For example, two key terms of McCloud's argument, "icon" and "closure," both come with complex sets of intellectual baggage; he uses them idiosyncratically if not incorrectly. A more fundamental problem is the implicit reader-response theory which underlies McCloud's aesthetic of comics. He makes the argument, for example, that the simplicity and lack of visual specificity of cartoons enable readers to "identify" with the figures with little sense that recent arguments suggest that the concept of "identification" is by no means the transparent and self-evident proposition that he takes it to be.[3] (One student parodied McCloud's assertion that an iconic figure is more persuasive than a realistic one by donning a smiley-face mask to present his class report.) In addition, McCloud's crucial argument that words need to be decoded while pictures transmit messages instantaneously is a very dubious proposition by any measure, as the many people who declare their inability to read comics probably will agree. *Understanding Comics* is a work of great practical use, but I suspect that its spotty theoretical underpinnings will doom its grander ambitions as a work of aesthetics.

Students of comics long have needed a book which presents clearly and methodically the basic grammar and syntax of the medium; Scott McCloud's *Understanding Comics* is that book. Many previous writers on comics have ignored the formal specificities of the texts they discuss, treating comics as if they were simply illustrated novels or static movies, and applying concepts from painting, film, and literature to comics in an *ad hoc* manner. Such neglect can no longer be justified. But, as my students and I discovered, a McCloudian reading of panel transitions and word/image relations does not by itself produce complete formal analyses of comics texts; too much other information is needed to make sense of the narrative. The next logical move in comics criticism, a step made possible by McCloud's intelligent work, is to begin a thorough discussion of the relations among comics and other media. For example, comics and film clearly have much in common. But how much? When do analogies between the two obscure more than they reveal? *Understanding Comics* should itself generate a vigorous discussion about the range and applicability of McCloud's arguments; it will likewise help to clarify the wide range of questions still facing the nascent field of comics criticism. In McCloud's words, "Here's to the Great Debate!"

McCloud, Scott. *Understanding Comics.* Northampton, MA: Tundra Books. 1993. 216 p. bibl. ISBN 1-56862-019-5. pap. $19.95.

NOTES

1. Will Eisner, *Comics & Sequential Art* (Tamarac, FL: Poorhouse Press), 1985. Of the previous articles, the most complete is Lawrence L. Abbott, "Comic Art: Characteristics and Potentialities of a Narrative Medium," *Journal of Popular Culture* 19 (Spring 1986): 155-173.

2. Eisner, *Comics & Sequential Art*, 5.

3. See, for example, Martin Barker, *Comics: Ideology, Power & the Critics* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1989), especially Chapter Five, "The Vicissitudes of Identification."

exhibition review

Lines of the Times: 50 Years of Great American Cartoons.

Art Institute of Boston January 28 - March 8, 1993.

An exhibition curated by Bonnell Robinson.

Reviewed by Bruce Wheltle.

During early 1993 the Art Institute of Boston presented a choice exhibition of about seventy-five cartoons by contributors well-known to readers of *The New Yorker* magazine across the years. Late greats Charles Addams, Peter Arno and George Price, Helen Hokinson and Mary Petty were represented, along with "oldest living greats" William Steig and Saul Steinberg. In addition, at least five examples each of the work of current contributors George Booth, Roz Chast, Michael Crawford, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, Frank Modell, Victoria Roberts and Jack Ziegler were displayed. Other cartoonists represented were Sam Cobean, Whitney Darrow, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson and Richard Taylor. Altogether twenty cartoonists' works appeared along with photographic portraits of them by Anne Hall, and a graceful evocation of New York in the 1920s by Duncan Longcope, a former staffer of the magazine.

The gallery exhibition included an arresting poster which superimposed the distinctive signatures of the cartoonists upon a stylized U.S. flag. You did not read a *New Yorker* squib about the show because the venerable arbiter of tasteful humor did not cooperate. Indeed, as curator Bonnell Robinson, the Institute's director of exhibitions, made clear in a *Boston Globe* interview in February, "I was told by *The New Yorker* legal department that I could not promote the magazine's name in any way, shape or form. They were nice enough, but they said I could be looking at a law suit if I did." The combined forces of the cartoonists themselves plus the assistance of several *New Yorker* insiders and a major boost from Barbara Nicholls, one-time assistant to the magazine's art director James Geraghty and now owner of Manhattan's Nicholls Gallery, ultimately gave Robinson the material she needed.

The first anthology of cartoons from *The New Yorker* appeared in 1928, a retrospective of merely three years' work, and it contained many drawings by Peter Arno, Helen Hokinson and Mary Petty. The irreverent young publication archly congratulated itself on its

artists who, "...we feel, have been worth the trouble. They have taken the electric and protoplasmic and comic town and reduced it to page size. To be merry and wise and subtle every week is scarcely possible; but there have been good weeks..." For years thereafter nearly biennial editions appeared, many with forewords signed by James Thurber, Ring Lardner, Lewis Mumford and Wolcott Gibbs. By 1951 the magazine offered a twenty-fifth anniversary album of about 376 pages with a one-paragraph foreword indicating that the drawings were chosen from more than 20,000 published since the first issue in 1925. The fortieth anniversary album needed, as the saying goes, no introduction, and, therefore, contained not even a one paragraph foreword. For its sixtieth anniversary an authorized retrospective exhibition was held, among other venues, at the Boston Athenaeum, a tony albeit accessible private Boston institution. By then mere drawings had been elevated to *The Art of The New Yorker*, and featured a special Charles Addams cartoon of his famous family filing out of their Gothic mansion announcing, "We're on our way to *The New Yorker* show."

The Art Institute of Boston is an established art college with a respected four-year bachelor of fine arts program, in addition to offering three- and two-year programs focused upon design and illustration. One may well imagine a future contributor to *The New Yorker* among its student body being inspired by the exhibition. Thus, the magazine's simultaneous protection and promotion of its cherished standards and control strikes this reviewer as not only churlish, but also lacking in the very qualities of grace, and even soul, with which the magazine has sought to imbue its pages. No matter. The Institute got its exhibition, and a fine one it was.

Ms. Robinson commented in the exhibit's news release, "First and foremost, I chose each work for its humor. The [cartoonists] have that truly extraordinary gift: the ability to make us laugh out loud—even when we're alone." One entirely agrees. But clearly an exhibition of humor is far too serious a business to be in the hands of cartoonists (or so *The New Yorker's* legal department appeared to believe); that is a job for the lawyers, whose dedication to seriousness is equally comic.

The disparate sizes of works was fascinating, with relative old-timers—Price, Addams, Arno, Stevenson, Steinberg and Koren—tending to work in a large format; while the younger set—Chast, Roberts, Maslin and Ziegler—seem to work closer to reproduction size. The small drawings by Steig were an exception to this. The opportunity to compare style, technique, subject and approach was intriguing for anyone with even the slightest interest in technical matters. For instance, the delicate size and meticulousness of George Booth's drawings belie the seeming zaniness of his favorite subjects: a small color drawing of an octopus chasing a crab past a cottage named "Peace by the Sea" was gorgeous. The grand swirls and large size of Edward Koren's drawings suggest elegant piles of sheep's wool far more in the original than when they are reduced to page size.

One old but immensely timely George Price nurse-to-hospital-patient gag could be rerun next week merely by increasing the dollar amount tenfold: the caption read, "Good news Mr. Murdock! You can go home as soon as you fork over $593.50." The precision of Price's line has always been a marvel, and this single example in the exhibition did not disappoint. A very textured Mary Petty cartoon celebrating the pretensions of her stable of old, super-rich characters, apparently crayon or pencil on smooth paper, appeared far more vibrant in the original than one recalls her reproduced work.

Most of the cartoons were available for purchase, thanks to the Nicholls Gallery connection, and one cannot help but suspect that this circumstance played a role in *The New Yorker's* Pecksniffian aversion to the exhibition. Prices ranged from the Zieglers at $500 up to the single Addams for sale at $4,000 (King Kong imprisoned within the glass curtain wall of an International Style skyscraper); with the younger crop of cartoonists generally in the $650 to $800 range and those no longer producing work priced in the $1,000 to $3,000 range. This reviewer coveted at least three items and, checkbook willing, might have acquired two that were for sale. He was, however, forced to be content with a poster. Gratitude is offered to all connected with the exhibition.

bibliography

Ethnicity and Cartoon Art: A Selected Bibliography

Alim, Faizah. "Chasing Rainbows." *Sacramento Bee*, 28 May 1991, C1,3.

Amon Carter Museum of Western Art. *The Image of America in Caricature & Cartoon*. Fort Worth, TX: The Museum, 1975.

Appel, John J. and Selma. "Immigrants and Symbols of National Unity: The Huddled Masses and the Little Red Schoolhouse." *American Education and European Immigrants*, ed. Bernard J. Weiss. Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press,1982.

_____. *Jews in American Graphic Satire and Humor*. Cincinnati: American Jewish Archives, 1984.

_____. *Patriots to Patriots: American Irish in Caricature and Comic Art*. East Lansing, MI: Michigan State University Museum, 1990.

_____. "The Grand Old Sport of Hating Catholics: American Anti-Catholic Caricature Prints." *The Critic*, November-December 1971, 50-58.

Art Journal: The Issue of Caricature 43 (Winter 1983).

Asian Pacific Americans: A Handbook on How to Cover and Portray Our Nation's Fastest Growing Minority Group. Los Angeles: National Conference of Christians and Jews, 1989.

Astor, David. "'Beetle' Character Is Controversial." *Editor and Publisher*, 10 November 1990, 46-47.

_____. "'Beetle' to Turn 40, Add Character." *Editor and Publisher*, 25 August 1990, 36-37.

_____. "Black Progress in Comics." *Editor and Publisher*, 4 February 1984, 40-42.

_____. "Comic Being Offered." *Editor and Publisher*, 11 August 1990, 34.

_____. "King Will Introduce 'Curtis' Comic. *Editor and Publisher*, 24 September 1988, 37-38.

_____. "Paper Wants More Minorities in Area of Comics." *Editor and Publisher*, 23 April 1988, 135.

_____. "Provides Material from Minority Angle." *Editor and Publisher*, 16 November 1985, 36-37.

_____. "'Toya' Comic Is Being Syndicated." *Editor and Publisher*, 14 July 1990, 46.

_____. "An Unfunny Story About a Comical Field." *Editor and Publisher*, 21 May 1988, 48-49.

_____. "Where She Came From to Get Syndicated." *Editor and Publisher*, 23 November 1991: 38-41.

Becker, Stephen D. *Comic Art in America*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1959.

Bee, Noah. "Jewish Cartooning and Jewish Cartoonists." *Midstream* (June/July 1989): 39-41.

Berger, Arthur Asa. "Humor and the Jews." *Agitpop: Political Culture and Communication Theory*. New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Publishers, 1990.

Berkhofer, Robert F., Jr. *The White Man's Indian: Images of the American Indian from Columbus to the Present*. New York: Knopf, 1978.

"Black Cartoonists." *Ebony Man* 6 (October 1991): 14-19.

"Black Comics Artists." *The Comics Journal* 160 (June 1993).

Boskin, Joseph. *Humor and Social Change in Twentieth-Century America*. Boston: Trustees of the Public Library, 1979.

Brasch, Walter M. *Black English and the Mass Media*. Amherst, MA: Universitity of Massachusetts Press, 1981.

British Sociological Association. *Ideology and Cultural Production*, ed. Michele Barrett et al. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1979.

"Brothas of the Comic Universe." *The Source* (February 1992): 20.

Bunker, Gary L. and Davis Bitton. *The Mormon Graphic Image, 1834-1914*. Salt Lake City, UT: University of Utah Press, 1983.

Campbell, Mary and Gordon. *The Pen, Not the Sword*. Nashville, TN: Aurora Publishers, 1970.

Cartoons and Ethnicity. Columbus: The Ohio State University Libraries, 1992. Companion publication: *Illusions: Ethnicity in American Cartoon Art—A Teacher's Guide* by Lucy Shelton Caswell.

Coupe, W. A. "Observations on a Theory of Political Caricature." *Comparative Studies in Society and History* 11 (January 1969): 79-95.

Cronin, Morton. "Currier and Ives: A Content Analysis." *American Quarterly* 4 (Winter 1952): 317-338.

Curtis, L. Perry. *Apes and Angels: the Irishman in Victorian Caricature*. Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1971.

Drevets, Tricia. "Two Integrate Their Efforts to Do Comic." *Editor and Publisher* (24 September 1988): 36-37.

Dolmetsch, Joan D. *Rebellion and Reconciliation: Satirical Prints on the Revolution at Williamsburg*. Williamsburg, VA: Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, 1976.

Dower, John H. *War Without Mercy: Race and Power in the Pacific War*. New York: Pantheon Books, 1986.

Eisner, Will. *Comics and Sequential Art*. Tamarac, FL: Poorhouse Press, 1985.

Ethnic Images in the Comics, ed. Charles Hardy and Gail F. Stern. Philadelphia: Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies, 1986.

"Ethnic Images in the Comics." *Nemo* 28 (December 1987).

Fischer, Roger. "Not Yet an Icon: Liberty in Cartoon 1879-1886." *Target* 4 (Summer 1986): 4-9.

Flautz, John. *Life: the Gentle Satirist*. Bowling Green, OH: Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1972.

Fleming, E. McClung. "Symbols of the United States: From Indian Queen to Uncle Sam." *Frontiers of American Culture*, ed. Ray B. Browne et al. West Lafayette, IN: Purdue University Studies, 1968. 1-24.

Gombrich, E. H. *Art and Illusion: A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation*. 2nd rev. ed. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1969.

Hamilton, Marsha. "The Image of Arabs in the Sources of America Culture." *Choice* 28 (April 1991): 1278-1281.

Heller, Steven and William Eric Perkins. "Dirty Pictures." *Print* 45 (March-April 1991): 104-113, 138.

Hess, Stephen and Milton Kaplan. *The Ungentlemanly Art.* rev. ed. New York: Macmillan, 1975.

Hill, Draper. "The United States' First Black Editorial Cartoonist?" *AAEC Notebook* 33 (Spring 1991): 16-18.

Horwitz, Elinor Lander. *The Bird, the Banner and Uncle Sam: Images of America in Folk and Popular Art.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1976.

In the Eye of the Beholder; Contemporary Issues in Stereotyping. New York: Praeger, 1982.

Inge, M. Thomas. *Comics as Culture.* Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississippi, 1990.

Isaacs, Harold R. *Scratches on Our Minds: American Images of China and India.* New York: John Day, 1958.

Johnson, Kenneth M. *The Sting of the Wasp.* San Francisco: Book Club of California, 1967.

Johnson, John J. *Latin America in Caricature.* Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1980.

Keen, Sam. *Faces of the Enemy.* San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1986.

Keller, Morton. *The Art and Politics of Thomas Nast.* New York: Oxford University Press, 1968.

Ketchum, Alton. *Uncle Sam: The Man and the Legend.* New York: Hill and Wang, 1959.

Kunzle, David. *History of the Comic Strip.* 2 vols. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1973; 1990.

Lavater, J. C. *Essays on Physiognomy.* Translated by Thomas Holcroft. London: Robinson, 1789.

Lawrence, David, Jr. "Where Are the Minority Comic Strip Characters?" *Minorities in the Newspaper Business* 4 (June/July 1988): 1.

McCloud, Scott. *Understanding Comics.* Northampton, MA: Tundra Books, 1993.

Mattern, Kendall B., Jr. "The Birth and Long Life of Uncle Sam." *Target* 1 (Spring 1982): 14-19.

_____. "A Degree of Intolerance. *Target* 11 (Spring 1984): 14-18.

Mayo, Louise A. *The Ambivalent Image: Nineteenth-Century America's Perception of the Jew.* Rutherford, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1988.

Medhurst, Martin J. and Michael A. Desousa. "Political Cartoons as Rhetorical Form." *Communication Monographs* 48 (September 1981): 197-236.

Miller, Stuart Creighton. *The Unwelcome Immigrant: the American Image of the Chinese,* 1785-1882. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974, c. 1969.

Morgan, Hal. *Symbols of America.* New York: Viking, 1986.

Nevins, Allan and Frank Weitenkampf. *A Century of Political Cartoons: Caricature in the United States from 1800 to 1900.* New York: Scribner's, 1944.

Peters, Harry Twyford. *Currier & Ives.* Garden City, NY: Doubleday, Doran, 1942.

Pierce, Ponchitta. "What's Not So Funny About the Funnies." *Ebony* 22 (November 1966): 48-56.

Press, Charles. *The Political Cartoon.* Rutherford, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1981.

Reitberger, Reinhold and Wolfgang Fuchs. *Comics; Anatomy of a Mass Medium,* trans. Nadia Fowler. Boston: Little, Brown, 1972.

Reilly, Bernard. *American Political Prints, 1766-1876: A Catalog of the Collections in the Library of Congress.* Boston: G. K. Hall, 1991.

Rule, Sheila. "The 'Girls' Talking, with a Black Perspective." *New York Times,* 19 July 1992, H16.

Ryan, George E. "Irish-Americans and 'The Funnies.'" *Bulletin of the Eire Society* 23 (February 7, 1965).

Scheyer, Ernst. *Lyonel Feininger: Caricature and Fantasy.* Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1964.

Shaheen, Jack. "Abscam: Arabiaphobia in America." *ADC Issues* No. 1. Washington, DC: American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, 1988.

Sullivan, Julie. "Another Voice: The Black Cartoonists." *Media History Digest* 5 (Fall 1985): 28-31, 46-48.

Taking Liberty with the Lady. Comp. and ed. by Dani Aguila. Nashville, TN: EagleNest Publishing Co., 1986.

Thibodeau, Ruth. "From Racism to Tokenism: The Changing Face of Blacks in *New Yorker* Cartoons." *Public Opinion Quarterly* 53 (Winter 1989): 482-494.

Töpffer, Rodolphe. *Enter the Comics...,* trans. and ed. Ellen Wiese. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1965.

The Uprising in Cartoons. Washington, DC: ADC Research Institute, 1988.

Walker, Mort. *Lexicon of Comicana.* Port Chester, NY: Museum of Cartoon Art, 1980.

West, Richard Samuel. *Satire on Stone: the Political Cartoons of Joseph Keppler.* Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1988.

Wechsler, Judith. *A Human Comedy.* London: Thames and Hudson, 1982.

Wilson, Susan H. "The Missing Comic Strip." *Editor and Publisher;* 23 April 1988: 164, 138-139.

Zimmerman, Eugene. *Zim: The Autobiography of Eugene Zimmerman,* ed. Walter M. Brasch. Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1988.

Zogby, James J. "The Other Anti-Semitism: Arab as Scapegoat." *ADC Issues* No. 3. Washington, DC: American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, n.d.

Contributors

John Appel is adjunct curator, Folk Arts, Michigan State University Museum, and emeritus professor of American Thought and Language.

Oliver Harrington, creator of *Bootsie*, is the dean of African American cartoonists.

R.C. Harvey is a frequent contributor to *The Comics Journal*, *Comics Buyer's Guide*, and *Cartoonist PROfiles.*

Lucy Rollin is assistant professor of English, Clemson University.

Bruce Wheltle is former contributing editor of *Target: the Political Cartoon Quarterly.*

Joseph Witek is assistant professor of English, Stetson University.

---

inks

Guidelines for Authors

INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies seeks to be the premier journal in its field. It publishes lively articles about printed cartoon art and serves as a forum for new concepts and debate. Meticulous research and informative writing are required.

Except with prior arrangement, the maximum length for a submission is twenty double-spaced typed pages, excluding notes and illustrations. Initial submissions must be accompanied by photocopies of the illustrations the author proposes to use. Captions should be typed directly on the photocopies at the bottom of the pages. In no instance should original artwork be submitted.

Authors must send three copies of

Frederick Dosé Appraisals, Ltd.

appraiser of cartoons and illustration art
for insurance, donation and legal purposes

sends best wishes to **inks**

Frederick Dosé Appraisals, Ltd.

778 PLEASANT AVENUE, HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS 60035 708.433.7870

Complete Appraisal and Related Services by an Art Historian

typescripts submitted for publication as articles. All article submissions are refereed by at least two reviewers in addition to the editor. The reviewers' comments will be forwarded to the author, but typescripts will not normally be returned.

The requirements of the *Chicago Manual of Style* must be followed. Use the endnote guidelines described in *Chicago*. Please be sure to use the endnote function of your word processing program, not superscripts. Do *not* use in-text references, i.e. (Zurier, 1988). Do not use *op. cit.*, *ibid.* or *loc cit.* All titles must be italicized, i.e., *Terry and the Pirates*. Contractions should be avoided.

Basic endnote style is as follows:

1. Rebecca Zurier, *Art for The Masses* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1988), 89. [Note that no abbreviation preceeds the page numbers.]

2. Alice Sheppard, "There Were Ladies Present: American Women Cartoonists and Comic Artists in the Early Twentieth Century," *Journal of American Culture* 7 (Fall 1984): 38-48.

3. Bill Blackbeard and Martin Williams, eds. *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1977), 12.

4. George Newton Gordon, "Can Children Corrupt Our Comics?" in *The Funnies: An American Idiom* (New York: Free Press of Glencoe, 1963), 158-166.

5. Edwin McDowell, "America Is Taking Comic Books Seriously," *New York Times*, 31 July 1988, E8.

Style for second references:

1. Zurier, *Art for the Masses*, 66.

2. Sheppard, "There Were Ladies Present," 44.

3. Gordon, "Can Children Corrupt Our Comics?" 164.

INKS includes the several regular features such as descriptions of cartoon-related research facilities, book and exhibition reviews, and bibliographies. Authors who wish to contribute to one of the regular features of *INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies* are invited to query the editor. Persons who wish to propose a book or exhibition for review should also contact the editor.

Authors whose work is accepted for publication must submit camera-ready copies of all illustrations. The author is responsible for securing copyright permission to include each illustration in the journal.

INKS is produced with DOS-based WordPerfect. Authors of manuscripts accepted for publication are strongly encouraged to submit their work on a disk in this format. Authors who use a different system should prepare an ASCII file. Captions for illustrations should be included at the end of this disk.

All submissions and correspondence should be sent to this address:

INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies
The Ohio State University
023L Wexner
27 West 17th Avenue Mall
Columbus OH 43210-1393

INKS: Cartoon and Comic Art Studies

S U B S C R I B E

Begin my subscription with: ❑ the forthcoming issue ❑ the _____ issue.

❑$20 Individual ❑$35 Institution/Library ❑$100 patron

❑ Send the following back issues at $8 each_____

U.S. dollars only. Postage outside the U.S.: $4 per annual subscription.
Handling fee of $0.50 charged on billed orders.

❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Invoice ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

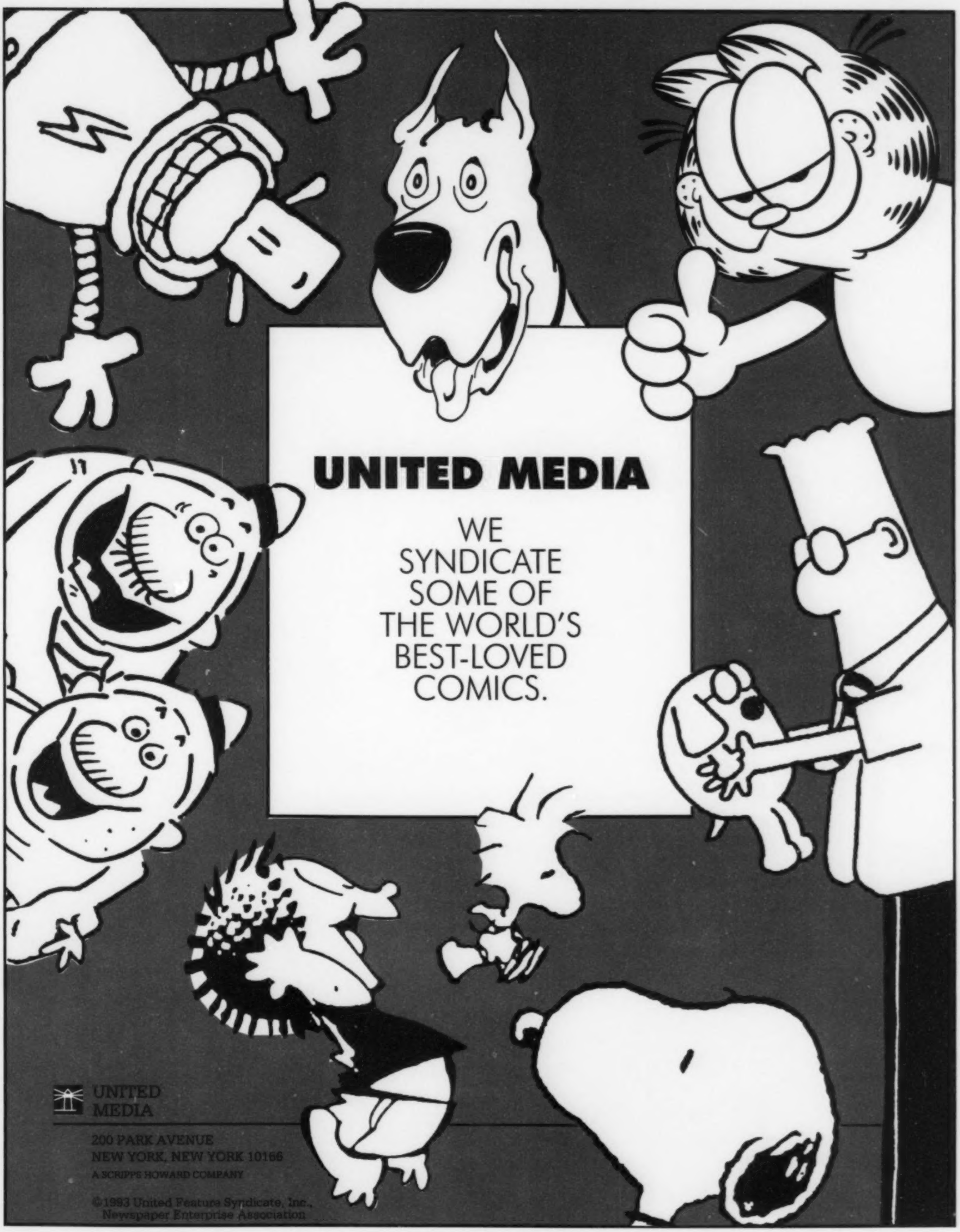
Country _____

University Press
180 Pressey Hall
1070 Carmack Road
Columbus, Ohio 43210-1002
0706-311307-361

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NUMBER 184 COLUMBUS OHIO

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
2500 KENNY ROAD
COLUMBUS OH 43210-9979


UNITED MEDIA
WE SYNDICATE SOME OF THE WORLD'S BEST-LOVED COMICS.
UNITED MEDIA
200 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10166
A SCRIPPS HOWARD COMPANY
©1993 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.,
Newspaper Enterprise Association

Universal Press Syndicate Wraps Up the Winners!

Congratulations to INKS on its Premiere Issue

Universal Press Syndicate • 4900 Main Street • Kansas City, Missouri 64112

1-800-255-6734